

**Historical Society  
of  
Fairfax County, Virginia, Inc.**

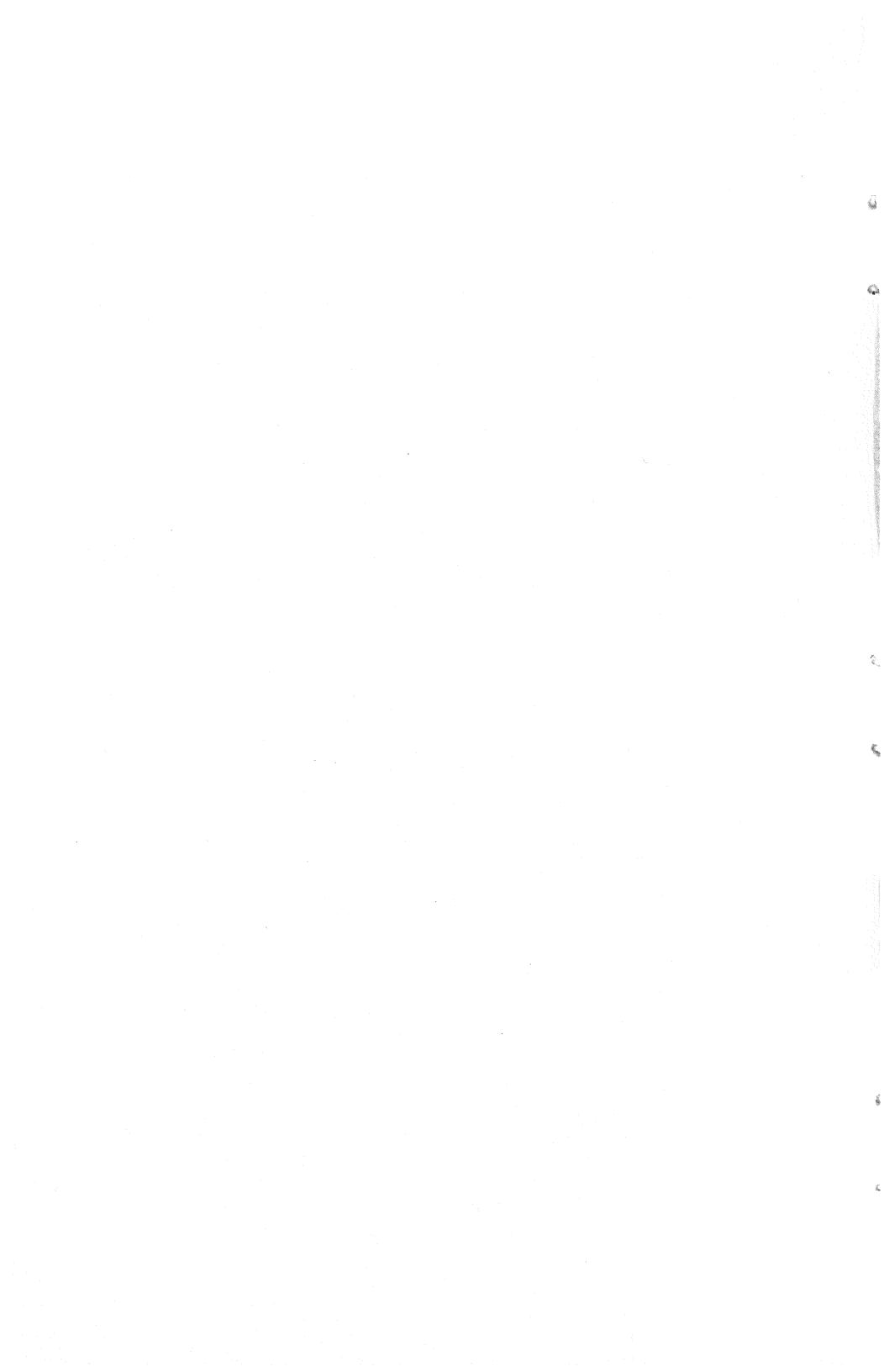
**Vol. 8 - 1962-1963**

## **Officers for 1962-63**

|                              |                    |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| CHARLES C. WALL .....        | President          |
| MRS. RICHARD E. SHANDS ..... | 1st Vice President |
| THOMAS P. CHAPMAN, JR. ..... | 2nd Vice President |
| WALTER T. OLIVER .....       | Secretary          |
| HENRY C. MACKALL .....       | Treasurer          |

## **Board of Directors**

|                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| A. Smith Bowman         | Walter T. Oliver       |
| Thomas P. Chapman, Jr.  | Charles Pickett        |
| Robert D. Graham        | Mrs. Charles Pozer     |
| Mrs. Edward F. Howrey   | Mrs. Richard E. Shands |
| Charles D. Hamel        | Richard M. Smith       |
| Virgil Carrington Jones | Mayo S. Stuntz         |
| James Keith             |                        |
| Walter Macomber         | Charles C. Wall        |



## FOREWORD

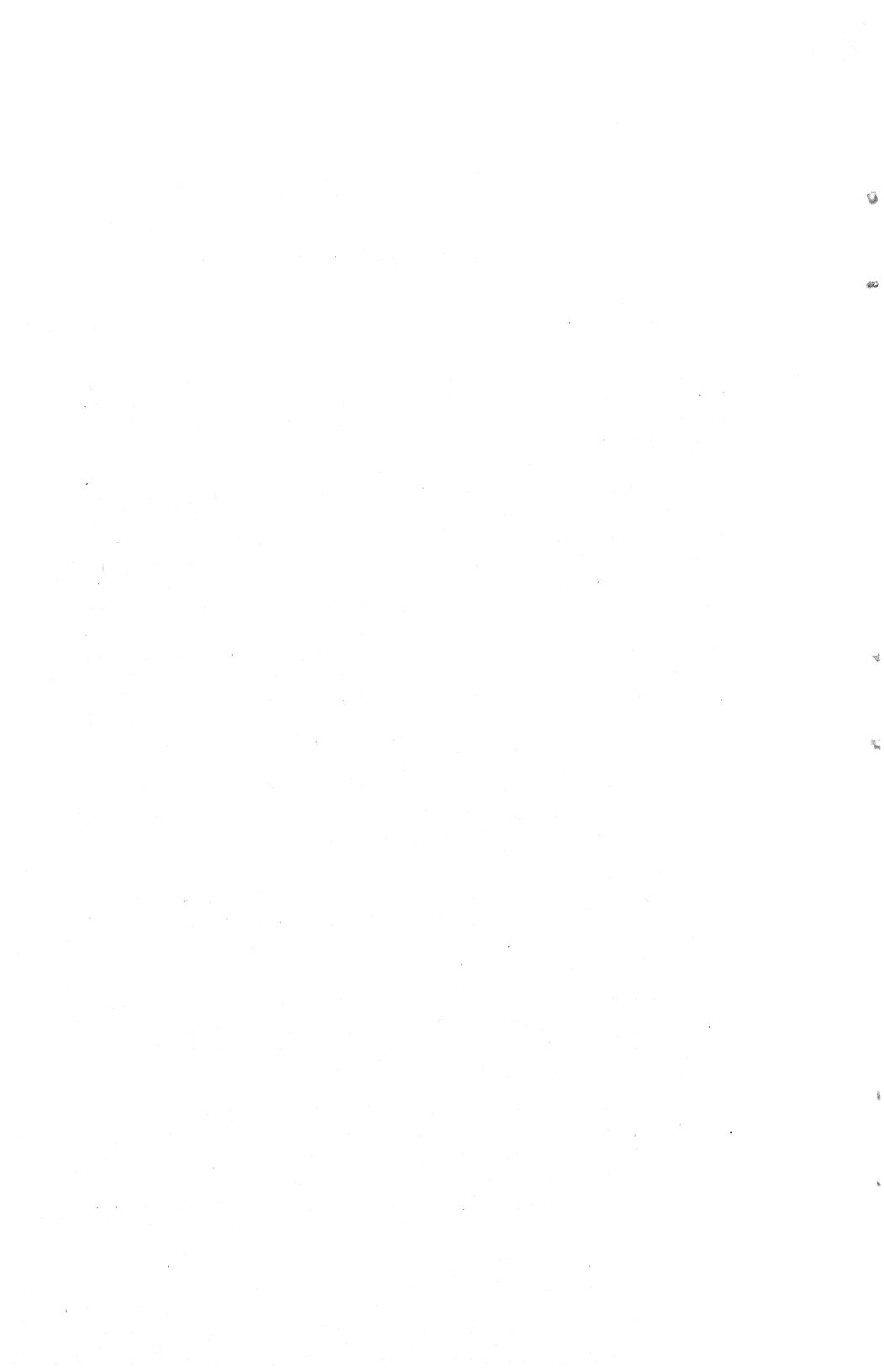
To the members of the Society:

It is with great pride and pleasure that your officers and directors present this volume dealing with the tragic years of 1861-1865 in Fairfax County. The General Assembly of Virginia and the Congress of the United States having recognized the importance of recalling to this generation the events of one hundred years ago by the creation of the Virginia Civil War Centennial Commission and the National Civil War Centennial Commission, the officers and directors of your Society deem it appropriate to publish the diaries of two families who resided in Fairfax County during this period. One diary was written by a native-born Virginia girl, who was only seventeen years old at the outbreak of hostilities. She was teaching school and living with her grandmother at what was then known as Fox's Mills, now known as Waple's Mill. On the day in May, 1861, when Alexandria was occupied by Federal troops and Jim Jackson was slain in his hotel, his body was brought by the place where the young author of the diary was residing, and her grandmother decided it would be wise for her to go to her mother's home at "Level Green," situated between Centreville and Manassas Junction. She thus found herself in the midst of the First Battle of Manassas.

The other diary was written by a northern couple which had emigrated from Dutchess County, New York, to Fairfax County and lived on what is now known as Blake Lane. This family was northern in its sympathies, and of course, the diary reflects the northern viewpoint.

It is felt that the publication of these diaries is a valuable contribution to the history of Fairfax County and your officers and directors are happy to have had the opportunity of acquiring the material for publication in this volume.

Acknowledgment is due Mr. Ralph LeRoy Milliken of Los Banos, California, who published a biography of Sarah Summers Clarke some years ago and obtained a copyright. Mr. Milliken kindly consented to our republication of that portion of Mrs. Clarke's biography which deals with Fairfax County.



## THEN WE CAME TO CALIFORNIA

A Biography of Sarah Summers Clarke—written in the first person  
By Ralph LeRoy Milliken

### INTRODUCTION

It is seldom that one meets a heroine in real life. Sarah Summers Clarke is a young old lady who lives in Merced, California. She is a pioneer not only of California, but of the South as well. She was born in Virginia at a time when people still cooked at a fireplace and Negro slaves were a part of every household. She was a school teacher at fourteen. She saw the battle of Bull Run. She married a courier of General Lee. When she came to California the Central Pacific Railroad had been running less than a year. She has struggled for over sixty years to make California the grand state it has become. A heroine, indeed—Sarah Summers Clarke!

Ralph LeRoy Milliken  
Los Banos, California.  
1938

### CHAPTER ONE "CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY"

Aunt Emily had been a slave in my mother's family since long before I was born. Our home was in Virginia, twenty miles from Washington. Aunt Emily was our cook. Although cook stoves were already in general use in the North at this time Aunt Emily knew nothing about these new inventions. We still cooked at the fireplace. I was not more than six or seven years old but I well remember her bursting into the room where my mother and I were sitting. "Oh, Missus Marianna, Missus Marianna, throw it out!" she exclaimed, the tears running down her black cheeks. "What did you buy it for, anyway? I don't want no cook stove!"

My father had just returned from a visit up North and had brought us home a great surprise—a cook stove! He had the strange-looking thing set up in the kitchen. It was a great novelty and people came from all over the neighborhood to look at it. Some approved of it. Others were of the opinion that it didn't amount to much. Aunt Emily tried faithfully to cook on it for several days and then gave up in despair. In order to keep peace in the family, father had the stove removed and allowed Aunt Emily to resume her cooking at the fireplace as she had always done. Some northern people had

recently settled in our part of Virginia, and father succeeded soon in selling the stove to them.

I am a Virginian. My father was born in Alexandria. His name was William Thomas Summers. He was born in 1821. When he was 21 years old he married Miss Marianna Johnson, of Fauquier County, Virginia. My mother was of French descent, her ancestors coming to Virginia before the Revolutionary war. Their name was LaDue. I was born at Fox's Mill, near Fairfax Court House, on the 6th day of November 1844.<sup>1</sup> My pet name was Sally, but my full name was Sarah Summers.

We lived at Fox's Mills in one of my grandmother's houses. My grandfather had died four months before my father was born and in 1840 my grandmother had married again. She married a very wealthy man by the name of Gabriel Fox. He had large possessions in Fairfax County. He had lots of land and owned lots of slaves. His three mills were known far and wide as Fox's Mills. It was at Fox's Mills that I lived as a child. Every house of any size in Virginia in those days had a name. The house we lived in was called "Chestnut Hill." My grandmother's house was "Locust Grove."

I had three sisters and two brothers. Millicent was next younger than I. Then came Elizabeth. My youngest sister was Isabella. We all had pet names. At home we were Sally, Millie, Betty and Bella. My two brothers were the youngest in the family and were named William and George.

My father was superintendent of my grandmother's mills. There were three of them—a woolen mill, a grist mill and a flour mill. The two latter were housed in a large three-story stone building, but each was a separate mill. These were known as Fox's Mills, although Mr. Fox had been dead many years. The creek was dammed up and a large mill pond formed. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long. The water from the pond escaped through a long mill-race and the big mill wheels were driven by the water as it rushed past each mill. Many times as a child I fell in the mill race and would have drowned if someone had not rescued me. On one occasion I was unconscious for a long time and people thought I would never revive.

The scenery around Fox's Mill was very beautiful and

1. Fox's Mills, now known as Waple's Mill, is located on Difficult Run near the intersection of State Routes No. 664 and No. 665.

people from Washington and Alexandria used to come and visit the spot. Alexandria was fifteen miles to the east of us. Washington was on the other side of the Potomac river 20 miles to the north. We were 14 miles from Mount Vernon. Fairfax Court House was the nearest town, three miles away.

People used to come from Fairfax Court House to shoot bull frogs on the mill pond. These frogs were such great big green fellows with wide yellow breasts. They would all come out along the edge of the mill pond at evening and sing a din that was fairly deafening. The hunters would load their guns with buckwheat, instead of lead. In this way, they could kill the frogs without blowing them all to pieces.

My father was very fond of frog legs and so was I, but my mother would never eat them. My sister, Betty, and I, as soon as we were old enough used to shoot bull frogs, and became very good marksmen.

My father and mother used to go to the mill pond in the evening to swim. My father would swim around and around in the mill pond with my two brothers on his back but for some reason he never taught any of us children to swim.

There were no public schools in Virginia in the early days and many families had private teachers in their homes. When my grandmother married Mr. Fox and moved from Alexandria to Fox's Mills to live, she soon learned that there were many families in that section of the country who were unable to hire a private teacher. So she had a large schoolhouse built of logs, about a quarter of a mile from her home. Here she sent not only her own children but allowed all the children in the community to attend. Parents who were financially able to do so helped pay the teacher. Others, who were too poor to pay, sent their children just the same, and the county paid their tuition. It was here that my father and his sister, Jane, went to school and also his half-brothers and sisters, the Fox children. There were six of these—Aunt Mary Isabella, Uncle Frank, Uncle Amos, Uncle George, Aunt Eugenie and Uncle Albert.

At four years of age I knew my alphabet. My mother taught me. Children were supposed to know it before starting to school. I was so well drilled in it that I could repeat it forward and backward. I can still do so. Do you want to hear me? Z-Y-X-.

In due time I started to school in my grandmother's log

school. A man by the name of Mr. Lee was the teacher there for several years. He was very strict and seemed to delight in whipping the scholars for the least offense. Indeed, to us pupils, it seemed that he whipped us for no reason. My sister, Betty, was left-handed. When she started to school, Mr. Lee insisted that she use her right hand. One day he saw her writing with her left hand and whipped her, saying that she would get another whipping if she persisted in writing with her left hand. Of course, I told my mother. She was very indignant. She told me to tell Mr. Lee to let Betty write with her left hand. When I told him what my mother had said he whipped me for "tattling." They my father took a hand in the affair and there were no more whippings after that. Betty continued to write with her left hand!

When I grew older we had a teacher from Vermont by the name of Wilcox. He taught geography by the singing method. He would have the class sing the name of each state and its capital. Still singing, we gave the names of the principal cities in each state. Oftentimes pupils not yet in geography would join in the singing and in that way learned much geography before they were old enough to be in the class.

During the summer vacation, Mr. Wilcox went back to Vermont and married the most beautiful woman I ever knew. She often came to school with her husband. All of us older girls simply adored her, as only young girls can. She must have liked us, too, for one Saturday she invited 12 of us to come and have dinner with her. We were all charmed with the invitation and much delighted at the thought of dining with our teacher. We had a mighty good chicken dinner. There were some extras that were new to us. Northern people did not cook the same as we Southern people did. She served us some Boston baked beans. It was the first time I had ever eaten any. We thought they were delicious.

During the afternoon, a grain field near the house caught fire in some unknown manner. Excitement ran high. We children had never seen a fire sweeping across a field from all directions. Mrs. Wilcox calmed us girls as well as she could. Taking the lead, she soon had us all dipping sacks in a nearby stream for the use of the fire fighters. After much hard work the fire was extinguished, and we children felt quite important at the part we had in putting it out.

A great many people from New England and the middle

states in those days were already beginning to settle in Virginia. Land was cheap and the climate preferable. The large Virginia landholders were anxious to subdivide their holdings. Most of the newcomers were from New York State. These Northerners were different in manners and customs from the Southerners. Their raising had been different from ours and it was difficult for them to understand our ways. They lacked our hospitality. We liked many of them and found that they had a heart, even though it was not as big as a Southerner's.<sup>2</sup>

I particularly remember one New York family by the name of Hammond. They bought land near us. Father heard that they needed tools to fix their house with. After breakfast one morning he went over to Hammond's with the tools. They were just sitting down to breakfast when father came. Instead of inviting father to sit down and eat with them they simply sat down and ate in silence. Father was deeply offended. He took his hat and left as soon as possible. The Hammonds meant no offense in not inviting father to their breakfast table. It was just the way they had been raised. But father felt that the Hammonds were guilty of the greatest breach of Virginia hospitality. No one in Virginia high or low, rich or poor, but what was invited to eat when in a neighbor's house at meal time.

My grandmother had a large camp ground on her plantation and it was used for holding camp meetings and church services for three or four months each summer. There was a pulpit and lots of seats under the trees. A large number of hymnals were kept on hand for use at the meetings. The Baptists used to hold services there. Mother was a Baptist and we used to attend the open-air services.

About 7 miles northwest of Fox's Mills was the Frying Pan Church, which we sometimes attended. It stood all alone out in the country. During the War of 1812 when the British were on their way to burn Washington they surprised some American troops early one morning. They were gathered around a campfire cooking their breakfasts in frying pans. The British referred to the encounter that ensued as the Frying Pan skirmish. The community became known as Frying Pan

2. Some families still known in the County are: Haight, LaDue, Rice, Gillingham, Lukens, Sherman, Brooks, Hoag, Smith, Hauxhurst, Brice, Merry, Collins, Watkins—Duchess County, N.Y., was having a boom. These farmers sold at high prices and came to Fairfax County, where land was good and much cheaper, winters milder and labor plentiful. The Haight bought Sully and 1200 acres for \$20,000.00.

and when later a church was built there it was called the Frying Pan Church.<sup>3</sup>

Payne's Church<sup>4</sup> was another we attended when I was a child. A man named Payne owned the land where the church stood. It had originally been an Episcopalian church but when I knew it the Baptists were using it. It was built of brick brought over to America from England long before the Revolutionary War. The pews were all boxed up. There was a door to enter each pew and when the door was closed a person could not see anyone else in the congregation except the minister. I liked to see out and used to leave the door open. But mother would always close it. The pulpit was 4 or 5 steps high and the minister always kept a sharp eye on us. The Baptists often preached for two hours and we children used to get so tired. The Ten Commandments were inscribed in large letters on the walls. We children learned the commandments by reading them over and over during the services.

Attending church at Payne's was usually a red-letter day for me. Payne's church was 3 miles beyond Fairfax Court House and we would have to start very early in order to get there in time for the services. After church someone was almost sure to say: "You people have come a long way. Now come over and have dinner with us and then go home in the afternoon." I always liked to be invited to dinner.

When I was 12 years old I had finished my grandmother's school and my parents sent me to Baker's Young Ladies Seminary at Alexandria. I was by no means among strangers at Alexandria for my relatives had lived there since the town was founded. My father and grandfather both were born there. Indeed, it was my father's grandfather, John Summers, who laid out the town. He was a surveyor. He built the first house in the settlement and lived there for several years. The town was called Belle Haven at first. Later the name was changed to Alexandria in compliment to the Alexander family who owned a large tract of land in the vicinity.

My ancestors were Scotch. As far back as we can trace

3. Frying Pan Church is shown on the Choate map dated 1790. Harrison's "Landmarks of Old Prince William" (footnote No. 5, p. 432) gives a different version, which indicates an earlier origin of the name.

4. Erected by resolution of Truro Parish vestry in 1768, it fell into disuse after the disestablishment of the Church in Virginia. By 1840 the building was taken over by the Jerusalem Baptist Church. In 1863 the building was taken down by Federal troops and the brick used for tent chimneys. The Truro Episcopal Chapel in Fairfax is an exact replica of old Payne's Church.

we find that there were two brothers by the name of Summers living in England. One brother stayed there. The other went to Scotland where he married a Miss Hervey. It is from this Scotch family that we are descended. The name of the old home in Scotland was "Elsinore."

John Summers, who laid out the town of Alexandria, was born in Virginia in 1687. His parents had come from Scotland and settled in Fairfax County. He was an only child and lived to be 103 years old. He married a Mrs. Blake and had 10 children, 5 sons and 5 daughters. He died in 1790. A few years ago there were over 400 of his descendants living.

Amos Fox, an uncle, and his partner, Jim Jackson, were the proprietors of the Marshall House at the time I was in school. It was the leading hotel in Alexandria. It was said that Jim Jackson had Indian blood in him. He had Indian features and his children were very handsome. He was a fine looking big man but very impetuous.

There were between two and three hundred girls at Baker's Seminary. Among them was my very dear chum, Mary LeFevre. Her family was from Connecticut and had settled in Virginia near us. We thought a great deal of the family. Her younger brother and sister attended my grandmother's school. Mary was a beautiful girl and had the most beautiful large black eyes.

Baker's Seminary would rank now about with a modern high school. They taught, among other things, French, music and etiquette. One of my teachers was Mr. Fitzhugh. He was a fine, grand, old man. He had traveled in foreign lands and knew many languages. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia.

I had been in attendance at the seminary only a few months when, in March 1858, I was called home by the death of my father. He had died of Bright's Disease. The doctors wanted him to diet, but he would not. He simply ate himself to death. He always insisted on having the best of everything. At less than forty years of age he was dead.

With the death of my father his salary as superintendent of Fox's Mills stopped and it was necessary for my mother to find means of keeping her Negroes employed in order to support themselves and us. A distant relative by the name of Charles Wakefield had a farm of 365 acres lying between Centreville

and Manassas. He wanted to sell out and move to Texas. Mother bought the place, and in 1859, the year following my father's death, we moved to our new home.

The name of this farm was "Level Green." The farm was very old and had been occupied since the 18th century. About 10 feet from the back porch there was a tall, marble tombstone. The man who had originally owned the farm was buried there. The grave had been over 100 years old when we first bought the place. The front part of the house was built of logs and was evidently the original farm house. Later on, a second story had been added. It was built of lumber and the original log part covered with siding. It was easy to tell which part of the house was built of logs for the walls were much thicker than the other part of the house. Other rooms had been built on at the back of the house. A large gallery, or enclosed porch, extended all along the back and within 10 feet of the grave of the first owner of the house. There were two rooms in the original log part with a hallway running between. From this hall a stairway led upstairs to the 3 bedrooms above. A large lawn of green grass surrounded the house. The yard was filled with flowers and large, old aspen trees. "Level Green" was a beautiful home and we were delighted with it.

A few hundred yards back of the house were three enormous springs of water. A large tree grew beside each spring. A lane bordered on each side by vine-covered stone fences ran from the house down to the springs. The water from these springs flowed in a little rivulet down through the fields and eventually entered a small stream by the name of Bull Run.

When mother moved to "Level Green" she did not bring all of her Negroes with her. The Summers Negroes were city Negroes and were used to living in town. When my grandmother married Mr. Fox and moved to Fox's Mills she did not bring her Negroes with her. The Fox Negroes were country Negroes. The city Negroes and the country Negroes did not get along well together. The Summers' Negroes were accordingly hired out as servants in Alexandria and Washington. At Christmas-time each year they were all given a week's vacation and all came home to spend a week in the country. They all looked forward with great joy to this trip to the country. My mother took only country Negroes with her to "Level Green." The Negroes that had belonged to my father were still kept employed in Washington.

Mother had a large establishment to provide for. With her came, of course, Aunt Emily, and her brood of six small children. Old Aunt Aggie, too, was brought along. She had a family of six grown sons and four grown daughters. Mother had 18 Negroes and her own six small children to feed and clothe. I was her oldest child and only 14.

Aunt Aggie's oldest son, Mahlon, was mother's foreman. He was a good and efficient farmer and raised fine crops of corn, oats and both sweet and Irish potatoes. "Level Green" was exceptionally good potato land. The sweet potatoes raised were much sweeter than those raised nowadays in California.

I attended school two years in Baker's Seminary. When we moved to "Level Green" mother called me aside and told me that her expenses were so great that she could no longer keep me in school.

When it became known that I was not going back to the seminary in Alexandria the people at Fox's Mills came and asked that I be the teacher at my grandmother's school. I was only 14 years old and the thought of being "teacher" appalled me.

"But I just can't," I told them in dismay. "I am only a little girl. What would I do with the big boys."

They assured me that I would have no trouble as the scholars all wanted me to teach them. They also told me that Professor Fitzhugh had recommended me. He told them that I was fully competent to teach any pupils that might attend.

I was so young and bashful that I was actually afraid to go alone to Fairfax Court House to take my examination. It was necessary for a person to have a teacher's certificate in order to teach in these neighborhood schools, as they were called, since county money was paid for teaching the children of poor families. Professor Fitzhugh came from Alexandria himself and went with me to the courthouse. He assured me that I need have no fears. He personally recommended me to the county superintendent, and I was asked a few questions. A few days later I received my certificate. My career had begun. I was mightily pleased with myself to feel that I was now a full-fledged teacher.

My grandmother's school was attended by all the children

in the neighborhood for miles around. Some walked 5 or more miles to school. Nearly everyone was related to each other, except the children of the new families from the North. Here my father and his sister, Jane, had attended school. My uncles and aunts, the Fox children, had come and gone. I, in turn, and all my brothers and sisters had been pupils there. Every part of the old school was familiar to me.

The building itself was made of logs. It consisted of one large room. At one end of the building was a huge stone fireplace where a roaring fire was built on cold days to keep the building warm. At the other end of the building was my desk. Along each wall on both sides of the room was a long shelf or desk. Here the pupils seated on high benches with their faces to the wall, did their writing. In the center of the room were several benches without backs or desks. On these the pupils sat humped over their books studying their lessons. Wood was hauled to the schoolhouse from time to time by the parents, and the older boys were required to split it and keep the fireplace supplied.

School in those days began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until an hour before sunset. This was in order to give the pupils time to get home before dark. At noon there was a two-hour period for dinner. Most of the children who lived only a mile or so from the schoolhouse went home for dinner. Their parents wanted them to come home, as they said it kept them out of mischief. Each forenoon and afternoon there was a recess of 15 minutes. The summer vacation consisted of two months during July and August.

Scholars had to furnish their own books. They were always nicely kept. A new book was always taken home and a strong cloth cover put over it. In some instances one set of books would be handed down from one child to another and do for a whole family of children.

What was taught in these neighborhood schools was taught thoroughly. At eight or nine years of age most pupils could spell every word in the Towne and Comly's spelling books. For geography there were two books. One was an atlas. The other had descriptions of the countries with questions to be looked up in the atlas. A pupil was required to be able to take any given meridian and name all the cities through which this line passed. For their writing lessons the pupils sat at the desks along the wall and laboriously copied over and

over the line written by the teacher at the top of the page in their copy books. If the parents did not provide a regular copy book for their children the teacher had to "set" the copy for them on a sheet of blank paper.

My school opened the first of September. "Level Green," where my mother lived, was 10 miles away, and so I was allowed to live with my grandmother. I had 20 pupils to start with. Several of them I had gone to school with in that same log school house. Among them was the younger brother of my chum, Mary LaFevre. Before the term was over I had 30 pupils. Throughout the entire 10 months of school they were well-behaved, quiet and studious. Never once was there any trouble with them. Big and little, they knew how to behave properly and did so.

During my first year of school there was great excitement over the capture of Harper's Ferry, farther up the Potomac River to the north of us, by a man by the name of John Brown, who was going to free all the slaves. There was great commotion about it. People were talking everywhere. Even the school children were stirred up. A Northern boy by the name of Hyle Hammond talked to my uncle, Albert Fox, and had him very much excited. "It will not be long," he said, "until you Virginia boys will be falling like leaves off the trees in Autumn."

My pupils averaged me from 25 to 30 dollars a month. There were only two families who were unable to pay for the children and the county gave me 10 cents a day for each of these children. What a joy it was for me to take the money I had earned, have my mother close her eyes and then empty it in her lap! Then she would have me take a goodly share myself, but somehow I felt that it was all hers. The pupils made good progress, their parents were well pleased and I was engaged to teach the school again for the year 1860-1861.

My grandmother and I were very fond of frog-legs and used to eat a great many of them. One day at noon there were some left over from dinner, and I decided to play a joke on my cousin, Lucy Fox. She always claimed that she could not bear the thought of eating frog-legs and would never taste any. There is nothing finer in the world than frog-legs and they looked just like chicken when cooked. I wrapped up a couple of pieces in paper and when I got back to school I said

to my cousin: "We had chicken for dinner and I brought you some." Cousin Lucy thought of course the frog-legs were chicken and she ate them with great relish. When she had finished I inquired innocently, "How did you like the frog-legs?" Cousin Lucy was desperately mad. "I intend never to eat any frog-legs," she cried, "and now you have gone and made me do it."

On the front side of my grandmother's school was a nice lawn. In front of the school was a little stream of running water. The road from Alexandria crossed this little stream and passed along the side of the building. One warm spring afternoon late in May 1861, I was sitting on the lawn during recess with several of the older girls. Some of the boys were down at the stream playing in the water. A surrey was coming down the road in the distance from the direction of Alexandria. When the team reached the stream the driver stopped to let the horses drink. The boys came running to me in great excitement. "Their clothes are all covered with blood," they told me, pointing to the people in the carriage.

I soon discovered that the driver was my uncle, Amos Fox and that with him were Mrs. Jackson and her daughter. Their clothes were covered with blood. All were greatly excited. As my uncle drove past the school he hollered to me without stopping the horses. "You better dismiss your school at once and go right home to your mother." As the carriage continued on in the direction of my grandmother's house, my uncle's voice rang out to me in warning, "The Union Army is advancing!"

## CHAPTER TWO

### WAR IN THE LAND

I immediately called all the children into the school house and told them that school was out. "Take your books and go home," I told them. Then I hurried to my grandmother's to see what had happened.

Everything was in the greatest excitement. My uncle and the two women had already reached my grandmother's house. Their clothes were still covered with blood. I soon learned that Jim Jackson had run up the Secession flag over the hotel. When the Union troops arrived in Alexandria, Colonel Ellsworth himself had gone up and taken down the flag. Jackson shot him dead. The Union troops immediately shot Jackson. He did not die for several hours. His wife and daughter and my Uncle Amos had cared for him the best they could, and had become covered with blood. Uncle Amos, in order to get the women away from the excitement and the wrath of the Union soldiers, had put the mother and daughter in a carriage as soon as Jackson was dead and started them for his mother's home at Fox's Mills.

I wanted to go right home to my mother. It was reported that the Union army was massing at Fairfax Court House, three miles away, and would soon be at Fox's Mills. We also heard that there were already several regiments of Southern troops stationed in the ten miles between Fox's Mills and Level Green, where my mother lived.

I tried to bribe some of the Negroes to take me home. They were so terrified that they couldn't be hired or bribed to go out of sight of the plantation. A cousin of mine, however, by the name of John Henry Fox, lived close by. He was about 22 years old, and rather sickly. It was thought that it would be safe for him to try to drive me through the lines of troops. I succeeded in getting a Negro boy to take a note to him, asking if he would be willing to try to get me home to my mother. "Yes," he said, "I am not afraid."

My cousin had a horse and buggy of his own, but it was not until the next morning that we started for my mother's home. We passed thousands of Southern troops that were massing in that part of the country. We were halted time and again, but were always allowed to go on. When we came

within a half-mile of "Level Green" we met the First South Carolina Regiment. It was camped in a strip of timberland beside the road. Colonel Gregg was in command.

"Indeed you can't go through my lines," declared the Colonel, when we were brought to him. We soon found out that he was afraid that when my cousin returned to Fox's Mills he would give information to the Union troops about his regiment.

"My cousin is a good, loyal, Virginia boy," I assured the colonel, "and you need not be afraid about him." After asking us many questions, the colonel finally allowed us to proceed.

My mother was overjoyed to see me safe at home. She had been very uneasy. I told her the news about Jim Jackson and Colonel Ellsworth. The next day my cousin started back to Fox's Mills and succeeded in getting back safely.

Level Green was soon surrounded with soldiers. Colonel Gregg's First South Carolina Regiment had arrived in April. In May, the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Virginia regiments encamped nearby. Later the First Louisiana regiment arrived. The Southern troops were busy everywhere throwing up breastworks, and making themselves as secure as possible. The Union army had stopped when it reached Fairfax Court House and had made no further advance. We lived nine miles from Fairfax Court House, and as yet, had not seen any Union soldiers.

In Virginia we call a very small stream a "branch" and the larger streams we call "runs." The three large springs back of our house fed into a branch which farther on flowed into a stream called "Bull Run." There was a large pond of water in the branch at some distance from our house and it was here that Negroes and boys used to go swimming. The soldier boys from the Virginia and Carolina regiments soon discovered this swimming hole and used to come there in large numbers to bathe and wash their clothes. One afternoon several soldiers came walking up through our orchard and began to pick our cherries. Then they came on up to our house. They had the cherries strung on little sticks. My sister and I were quite indignant at their intrusion. They were munching away on the cherries and their hair was all wet and plastered down as they had just been in swimming.

"We've been in swimming," they said, grinning at us.

"Yes," we said coldly. "We can see that you have."

One of the boys was more bold than the rest. He walked right up to the steps and offered us some of our own cherries.

We thought his impudence was terrible in offering us cherries that he had stolen right off our own trees.

"No, thank you," we said sternly. "We have cherries in the kitchen."

In the days that followed, these boys got to coming quite regularly to our house. They claimed they wanted to buy chickens and vegetables. We thought they were only saying this for an excuse, and that they were really coming to see us girls. Mother used to sell them all the vegetables, butter, milk and chickens that they wanted and they would pack them off down to their camp. War seemingly was just one big summer encampment.

But all of a sudden things changed. About the middle of July all of the Southern troops began coming from their entrenchments hurriedly and marched away in the direction of Bull Run and Manassas. Bull Run was a stream with very steep banks that ran between our home and a town named Manassas about six miles away. We had no idea there were so many thousands of troops camped all around us until we saw them marching away. We children sat on the fence and gate posts in front of our house and watched them as they passed along the road in front of our gate.

The cause of their sudden departure was soon apparent. The Union troops were advancing from Fairfax Court House. They soon began to appear. Regiment after regiment marched boldly down the road in front of our house. We children had been led to believe that the Union soldiers were everything diabolical and that they had horns on their heads. Nor were we long in having our suspicions confirmed. As we sat on the fence, the Pennsylvania Bucktail regiment came hurrying past. They were the most hideous-looking men I ever saw. They wore perfectly black uniforms and had tall, black hats with a buck's tail fastened on the side like a tassel. We children were frightened nearly to death and ran for the house. My mother never forgave that regiment. We had a fine field of corn already several feet high right across the road from our

house. The road wasn't wide enough to suit the regiment and they tramped right down the cornfield. Our corn was flattened to the ground and ruined.

We were soon right in the midst of the Union army. A Northern regiment camped right across from our house. Some of their tents were pitched right in our yard. Colonel Platt and Colonel Fisher were in command. Each had a wife with him. The soldiers were camped all around, but the two officers and their wives had rooms in our house.

On the 18th of July the bullets began falling right in our yard, and one of them almost hit mother. She and Mahlon had gone out to see about some stock and a bullet went right between them and fell to the ground only a few feet in front of them. The battle itself was going on less than two miles away. Bull Run is a very swift, deep stream. It has banks about 12 feet high. It was along this stream that the battle was fought.

Soon the wounded were being brought back to the rear. The galleries or porches of our house were turned into a hospital. Pools of blood began to stain the floor. Many amputated limbs and several soldiers were buried in our private burying ground near our house. I guess they didn't bury them very deep, for years later a skull was plowed up in our garden. War is terrible!

One evening after the battle Colonel Platt was passing through our dining room. We were eating supper and he chanced to see some corn bread on the table.

"Is that what you call egg bread?" he asked mother.

"Yes," she replied. "Won't you sit down," she added in true Southern hospitality, "and try some."

Colonel Platt said it would give him great pleasure to do so and he sat down with us and ate some egg bread. It was made of sour milk, eggs, soda and corn meal.

"Who made this?" asked the colonel.

"Why, Aunt Emily, my cook," replied my mother.

"Do you suppose she would make some for us?" he asked.

"I think she would," mother assured him. "You may ask her."

Colonel Platt went out in the kitchen and asked Aunt Emily if she would make him some egg bread for supper.

"Land sakes, yes," she replied, and fairly flew to the task. When Aunt Emily had finished, Colonel Platt gave her a five-dollar goldpiece and bore the cornbread off in triumph to his quarters.

The battle of Manassas took place on the 21st of July. After the battle on the 19th the Southern troops had fallen back toward Manassas. The Union army massed about Centreville and occupied the abandoned trenches of the Southern army. The battle was fought around Manassas. The first we knew of the way events were going on the afternoon of the 21st was when Colonel Platt and Colonel Fisher sent saddle horses for their wives to get back to Washington without delay. In mounting her horse Mrs. Fisher fell and hurt herself so seriously that she had to be taken away in an ambulance. All the wounded on the galleries were also hastily loaded in ambulances and taken away. The full retreat of the Union army was on by the middle of the afternoon.

The roads and fields were soon filled with Union soldiers running like mad to get back to Washington. They were so scared they hardly knew which way they were running. There was a long hallway extending through our house from the back to the front and many of the retreating soldiers ran pell-mell through the house like hunted animals trying to get away. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in July and they were all nearly dead for water.

"Water! Water!" they would all beg. "Give us water!" Our well at our house had gone dry that summer and we would direct them to the springs. The boys would rush to the water, pause a moment to drink, and then start like mad for the Potomac river. By dusk the Union cavalry had begun to appear, trying to protect the retreating foot soldiers from the Southern cavalry.

Toward dark mother became very much afraid. We had harvested our wheat and had it stacked close up to our buildings. The bullets were going right through the stacks. Mother called the Negroes and us children together. "We had better all go down in the basement," she said, "I think we will be safer there." We took food with us and all went down in the basement. But before doing so we did the most foolish thing im-

aginable. We put a lighted candle in every window of the house, as far as our supply of candles would reach. This made a regular target of our house. As we sat in the basement we could hear the stragglers as they hurried along in the dark.

In our excitement we had forgotten to take any water down in the basement with us. It was a hot summer night and soon our thirst was intolerable. Mother wanted some of the Negro men to take a bucket and go to the spring for water.

"Indeed not!" they all declared, "Not until we are much thirstier than we are now."

"Sallie," spoke my little sister, Betty, "if you will go I will go with you. They won't hurt us."

Betty and I started, but we got only to the top of the stone steps when we met two Union soldiers. "Where are you going, girls?" they asked us.

"For water," we told them.

"We want water, too," said the boys. "If you will tell us where the water is, we will get you some also. Give us your pail."

We did so and told them to follow down the lane between the two stone fences until they came to three trees. "You can't miss," we told them. Presently they were back with a bucket of water for us.

"We are so hungry," said one of the boys. Mother overheard him and made them come down in the basement and eat. When they had finished they went away, two most thankful boys.

We stayed in the basement until one o'clock in the morning. We left a bucket of water outside of the house where the stragglers would find it. All night long they were hurrying past. They never disturbed us. We went upstairs to bed. I didn't undress. I simply lay down on the bed—and soon was sound asleep.

The next morning the rain was pouring down. While we were eating breakfast we heard horsemen out in the yard. We looked out to see if they were of our side. It was the Southern Cavalry. They asked us if we had any Union soldiers in the house. Then they rode on. That was the end of the battle of Bull Run for us!

## CHAPTER THREE

### RAVAGES OF WAR

There were thousands of dollars worth of Union supplies left scattered around our house after the retreat of the Union army. Strewn about our yard was everything conceivable. There were fish and flour by the barrels. There were bales and bales of blankets and uniforms. There were even whole barrels of beef tongues. The Southern troops came and took possession of everything. They told mother to help herself to anything she wanted and she took some of the beef tongues and other supplies she needed.

At the head of the stairs in our house was a wooden box that had belonged to Colonel Platt.

"What's in that box?", asked one of the soldiers. "Maybe it's champagne. Let's open it."

They did so and sure enough it was champagne. They gave me a glass of it, but I didn't like the taste of it. The Southern soldiers sure had a good time drinking up the Colonel's champagne.

After the battle of Manassas we were again within the Southern lines. My grandmother, however, was cut off from us. The Southern troops had pursued the Union troops to within sight of Washington. When they found they could not take the city they fell back to their lines at Centreville. The Union army again established its line near Fairfax Courthouse. The famous Seventh New York regiment was camped for months around my grandmother's house.

The same two Virginia regiments were soon back again after the battle and we saw lots more of our soldier friends. The boys still continued to come to our house to buy milk, eggs and vegetables to take down to their camp. When they came we would all sit on the steps and talk. Mother treated them kindly and asked them all about their folks at home.

The impudent boy, who offered us some of our cherries the first day we saw him was a college boy. He had been a student in the Emory and Henry college which was just over the line in Virginia from Tennessee. He would have graduated in June, but when the war broke out in April he had enlisted in the 18th Virginia regiment. His father was a wealthy man

in Albemarle County, Va., and owned several saw mills. One day the boy was asking mother if, in case he got sick, he could have a room in our house. He said that the army hospitals were overflowing with sick. Mother obligingly told him he could.

"I believe that soldier has taken you at your word," I said to mother a few days later as I watched a boy scarcely able to walk coming across the field toward our house. A soldier on each side of him was helping him across.

For three weeks the boy was desperately ill with a low, slow fever. He was so sick mother had to feed him out of a spoon. The doctors came regularly and a soldier was detailed to stay with him night and day.

One day the boy asked my mother, "Where is Miss Sallie?"

"I think she is down stairs," my mother replied.

"I wish she would come to the door and speak to me," the sick boy said wistfully.

Mother called me to the door. In those days it wasn't considered proper for a young girl to come into a man's room, even if he was sick in bed.

I wasn't particularly interested in sick soldiers. But I came to the door and looked in. "How do you do?" I said politely.

"How do you do?" he replied, and I noticed that he seemed mightily pleased to see me.

When he was able to come down to the table for his meals his appetite was enormous. My old Aunt Nancy was visiting us at the time. "Do you let him eat all he wants?" she asked my mother in astonishment. "He will kill himself." But mother just let him eat all he wanted and soon he was able to return to camp. Soon after he and his regiment moved away.

There was enough firewood on our farm to last us for hundreds of years. But during the winter the Southern troops had their winter quarters there and cut down every last bit of it. They built log houses to live in and they even used our logs to corduroy the road from Centreville to Manassas. And all during the winter they burned our trees for firewood. We were beginning to worry what we were going to do for wood for ourselves the next winter.

My sister, Betty, was full of adventure and during the summer of 1862 she succeeded in getting to my grandmother's house and stayed several weeks within the Northern lines.

During the fall the Confederates under General Beauregard began massing their troops around Manassas again. General Beauregard our family considers was the most hateful, most cruel man that ever lived. He was a Frenchman. His soldiers hated him. He was severe both to his men and to the natives. He thought he was the biggest man that ever lived. With everyone he was absolutely arbitrary.

General Beauregard and his staff had their headquarters in the Stewart house just across the road from us. It was a much better house than ours but there was not enough room in it for General Beauregard's entire staff.

My mother was sick in bed with the measles. She was desperately ill. Every person on our place, black and white alike, had the measles which they caught from the soldiers. Mother came down last and was the sickest of all.

General Beauregard sent an officer over to our house. He informed mother that General Beauregard required her house for the use of his staff officers. "You will leave enough bedding and furniture for 11 officers," he told mother. "The rest of your things you can take with you or leave, just as you wish."

"Do you mean to say I am to vacate my own house?" demanded my sick mother.

"That is the general's orders," said the officer coldly. "You will be prepared to vacate at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Army transport wagons will be here at that time and will haul your goods wherever you wish them taken."

"But we can't move," I protested. "Mother is nearly dead and it will kill her to get up."

"You have heard the general's orders!" said the officer as he left the house.

When my other grandmother, that is, my mother's mother, Mrs. Johnson, saw us "refugees" come piling in upon her she was quite overwhelmed. My grandmother Johnson lived about 50 miles to the west of us. There was no other place for us to go. Grandmother Fox (who lived 10 miles east of us), was well within the Union lines. It would have been impossible for us

to have gotten through the Union lines to Fox's Mills. My grandmother Johnson lived on a farm about 3 miles beyond New Baltimore, in Fauquier county. It was to New Baltimore that I directed the Confederate teamsters to take us. We had no way of sending word that we were coming, and grandmother's surprise was complete.

It was late in the afternoon when General Beauregard sent us orders to vacate our home. It was early the next morning when his teamsters came to haul us away. Three large army transport wagons each drawn by 4 mules drew up at our house. What dishes, bedding and furniture we were allowed to take with us we piled into the wagons. All the belongings of our Negroes were also loaded on board. When all was ready Aunt Emily and Aunt Aggie and the various members of their families perched on the loads wherever they could find a place. Two of our horses were hitched to our carriage and we girls rode in it. Our other two horses Mahlon drove hitched to our wagon. An army ambulance was provided for mother. We placed a set of bedsprings inside and put a featherbed on top to make the ambulance as comfortable as possible. Mother was carried out and placed inside. When our caravan drove out of the yard it was the last time we saw Level Green for three years.

The road to New Baltimore was turnpike all the way, and we arrived at my grandmothers about 4 or 5 in the afternoon. Grandmother was surprised beyond measure when she saw the teamsters dumping us out of the army wagons and leaving us with her as "refugees."

We were, of course, very much worried about mother, as she was so sick that we had been afraid she would die. But she stood the trip wonderfully well. Although she was very tired from the trip we could see the next day that she was going to rally. My grandmother kept mother with her but the rest of us lived six weeks in New Baltimore until my uncle could find a farm for us where our Negroes could be put to work making a living for us and themselves. During the following summer of 1863 we raised good crops.

A Union army under General Sedgwick camped for six weeks during the summer within two miles of the farm we were renting. It was a whole army corps and soon the soldiers were over-running the whole country. As soon as we heard that General Sedgwick's army was advancing into our part of the

country we gave all our silverware to the Negroes and told them to bury it somewhere. We did not want to know where it was hidden. In case the soldiers demanded to know where it was we didn't want to know where to tell them to dig. The Negroes also took our two remaining horses—two old work horses—and kept them tied down in the woods out of sight. Our other horses had already disappeared during cavalry raids.

We had 24 sheep. The Negroes built a high board fence close to our house and we kept the sheep in it for safety. We had already got our sheep in it when several Union soldiers came in sight and climbed right into the pen too. My sister, Betty, was simply the boldest little thing you ever saw. She climbed right over into the pen, too. The soldiers demanded to know what she wanted. They were armed with long knives. "Aren't you afraid you might get killed?" they asked.

"No, I'm not," Betty retorted. "And I'm not afraid that you are going to kill any of those sheep, either. These sheep are all that mother and us children have to eat and you can't have them." The soldiers were quite crestfallen. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," Betty continued. "Haven't you got any mothers and sisters at home where you came from?" Something seemed to touch their hearts. They climbed out of the pen and went away.

My mother knew that she was entitled to have a guard from the Union army to protect her family and property from the soldiers. It was necessary for her to send me to the army camp to ask for the guard as she did not have any man to send. I got on one of our old horses and set out for the Union headquarters. One of our Negroes, named Henry, was sent along beside me as a sort of a bodyguard. It seemed as though there was a Union soldier skulking behind every bush and tree that we passed. As we would go by they would step out into sight and point their guns at us. We became terribly frightened. Henry got to trembling so violently he could hardly go on walking. "O, Miss Sally," he begged. I just can't go no further. My legs just won't stand up no longer.

"But I'm not afraid," I told him, "and so why should you be. If they kill anyone it will be me and they won't hurt a colored boy" I persuaded him to keep on going and we reached the Union camp. At first the sentries would not let us enter.

"Who is this nigger?" they demanded.

"Why, he is my bodyguard," I told them. I must have smiled as I referred to him as my bodyguard.

My insistence on seeing the commanding officer at last had its effect. We were taken into the camp and were conducted to some officers. I explained to them the situation my mother and we children were in.

"Have you any relatives in the Southern army," they asked.

"My father is dead," I told them, "and my two brothers are only little boys, still younger than myself."

The officers were very nice to me and I left with the assurance that a guard would be sent at once.

My youngest sister, Bella, had raised about 25 or 30 turkeys that summer and had them shut up in the henhouse. Before the guard arrived the next day several Union soldiers came to our place. They saw the henhouse shut up tight and asked if we had any chickens in there.

"No," my sister told them, we haven't any chickens in there."

"We will see," they said and started for the building.

My little sister was determined to defend her turkeys and she stood bravely with her back against the door. One of the soldiers seized her and flung her away. The sight of this made my blood boil. I seized a stick of stovewood and threw it at the soldier with all my might. It missed him. He picked it up and threw it back as hard as he could at me. At that moment a Union officer rode into the yard and placed the soldier under arrest. At this same time some more soldiers were down in our meadow and were just on the point of killing our calves and hogs. The officer saw them just in time. Pointing a rifle at them, he shouted, "You fellows get out of there right now or I will shoot every one of you!" He was desperately angry. At that time the Union officers were very careful that their soldiers not harm the Southern people.

The two guards sent by General Sedgwick came during the day and camped in our yard. They were two boys from Pennsylvania and were very nice young men. Their names were Mr. Fetter and Mr. Cook. They were camped beside our house for six weeks. When mother saw them trying to cook their army rations out on the lawn she felt sorry for them. "If you

boys are willing to eat with us," she told them, "you are welcome to do so. Anyone that is good enough to guard me and my family is good enough to eat at my table." The boys were only too glad to accept mother's invitation and they ate with us right along until their officers heard about it.

General Sedgwick's army had not been camped in our neighborhood very long until a Colonel came to see us. It was none other than Colonel Platt who had stayed at our house with his wife just before the Battle of Bull Run. He heard that we had "refugeed" and came at once to see us. He was a wonderfully nice man. He was anxious to know how we were getting along. He brought with him a present for us of several pounds of coffee and sugar. "You didn't get much sugar and coffee, did you?" he asked mother, "when you were in the Confederate lines?"

"And now how are you getting along for clothes?" he continued. "I don't want your family to want for anything when I am near," he said.

Mother told him that we were simply wearing our old clothes.

Colonel Platt told mother that a ship was coming from Europe soon and that if she wanted any calico or cotton cloth he would try and see that she had a chance to get some. Mother had a few greenbacks. When the ship arrived she succeeded in getting calico at 45 cents a yard, silver. Later a Confederate blockade runner came through and she paid \$12.00 a yard in Confederate money for calico. At the camps of the Union army there were always sutlers stores. Anyone with coin could buy things there. We got some of our clothing that way.

Mary Isabella Fox, my aunt, had married a man by the name of Jack Barnes. They lived in Upperville in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. During the war Uncle Jack became a captain in the Confederate army. He served under Colonel Mosby. At a raid near Fairfax Court House he was captured and sent to Washington where he was kept a prisoner in the Old Capitol Prison. This had been the old capitol building before the present Capitol was built. It was very hot in this prison at times and Captain Barnes suffered terribly with the heat. My aunt had a family of several small children and when we "refugeed" to New Baltimore she came to visit us. She drove to our place in a one-horse surrey. She was two days

coming as she stopped overnight to visit some friends on the way. When she was ready to go back home she wanted me to come with her and stay while Uncle Jack was in prison.

Upperville, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and Frying Pan Church, down near Fairfax Courthouse, were the two rendezvous of the men serving under Colonel Mosby. Between the Union and Confederate lines in the country where we lived there was usually a distance of 50 miles or more. It was in this territory that Mosby and his men operated. Mosby's Battalion was a regularly organized branch of cavalry in the Confederate army. There were recruits especially to make raids on Federal supply trains and small detachments of troops. They raided principally in Fairfax, Loudoun, Prince William and Fauquier Counties, Virginia. The members of the command were mostly from the four counties. They knew every road and by-path and hog trail in the county. Many of the boys were the sons of the Northern settlers who had come into our country years before and settled. Any soldier from these four counties had only to ask General Stuart to be transferred to Mosby's command and if it was found that they could be of any use to Mosby they were transferred right away. I knew many of the officers well. Captain Mountjoy was the most prominent and most daring officer in the command. My uncle, Frank Fox, was a lieutenant. Jack Barnes was a captain. Another boy, Albert Wren, who had been raised near our family at Fox's Mills, was a lieutenant.

Lieutenant Fox, who was my uncle, used to come often and see me when I was staying with my aunt, Mrs. Barnes, in Upperville. Uncle Frank knew how well I liked to ride horseback and he used to bring a horse for me to ride with him. The horse he rode cost \$2,000. That was in Confederate money, of course. Mosby's men had to have the best of horses. They were supposed always to be ready for a raid. Loudoun County was famous for its fine horses and cattle. Uncle Frank used to come and see his sister and me often. When he couldn't come he would send other officers to go riding with me. It was a wonderful month that I spent riding with Mosby's men in the Blue Ridge Mountains when visiting with my aunt while Uncle Jack was in prison.

Our Negroes raised a good crop that summer of 1863. The Union army wanted the hay and oats. My mother told the officers who came to look at the crop that it was the only

means of living that we had for ourselves and our Negroes. They said the quartermaster would pay for everything. As they were leaving with the supplies the officer told mother that they would send a saddle horse and that mother should let one of us girls go to the quartermaster and get the money. In due time an officer arrived at our house leading the prettiest saddle horse I have ever seen. On it was a side saddle. A good many of the Union officers had their wives with them whenever they were stationed for any length of time in one place. There were plenty of side saddles for the ladies to ride on and it was no doubt one of these that was brought for me. I rode with the officer to the quartermaster and he paid me in gold for all the hay and grain the army had taken. I came home with the money. Mother kept part and gave the rest to the Negroes for their share.

One night two of Mosby's soldiers came to our house to see us. Mother was furious. "Get out of this house," she shouted, "and don't ever come back." Our two Union guards were camped just outside our window, but so cautiously had these two Mosby men crept up to our house that the guards knew nothing of their presence. "You are not playing fair to these Northern boys," she told the visitors, "You can't protect us yourselves and you have no right to come here and kill our guards or take them away prisoners."

"But we would just like to have a friendly visit with the Union soldiers," they insisted. "We only want to meet these boys and talk with them. You say these Northerners are such nice boys."

Mother was pacified and it was agreed that they should return another night, provided the Union soldiers said they were willing to meet them.

Mosby's men were the terror of all Union soldiers who chanced to be separated in small groups from large detachments of troops. They would swoop down on stray soldiers or small detachments and kill them in flight or carry them off prisoners. When Mr. Fettters and Mr. Cook came in to breakfast the next morning mother casually asked them if they would like to meet some Mosby's men.

"Indeed not!" they both exclaimed.

But mother explained that a couple of Mosby's men had been visiting our house the night before and had expressed

a desire to come again and have a friendly visit. She assured the two Pennsylvania boys that she would see that no harm came to them. It was finally agreed that if it was to be only a friendly visit they would come in the house and meet the Southern soldiers.

A few nights later the same two boys from Mosby's command came to the house and we called in the two Northern soldiers. Mother acted as hostess. The boys all shook hand with one another and talked in the friendliest manner possible. They told each other how much they regretted having to kill one another and to be so cruel. Later they all left in peace and no one ever knew that they had met in our home.

After two months in camp General Sedgwick's army moved on to Warrenton. Our two guards had been taken back to camp sometime before and two other soldiers sent out to take their place. Mr. Fetters and Mr. Cook would probably have been our guards until the army moved on to Warrenton if word hadn't reached the Union officers that these two soldiers were eating with "Secesh" people. They immediately ordered Mr. Fetter and Mr. Cook back to camp. The officers were afraid that we would talk them over into becoming "Secessionists." The new guards had orders not to go even into our house and they never did. They had orders to have nothing to do with us at all and they obeyed their orders strictly. Even when Mother would send them out some pie they would refuse and send it back. They said they did not want to refuse, but that if they did not obey their orders they would be put in a guardhouse and punished severely.

Many a ride I had during the war behind an ox team. Cavalry raids had reduced our horses down to the two old work horses that Mahlon used to farm with. He thought that when he worked them all week that they should be allowed to rest on Sunday. Mother thought so too, and so whenever we wanted to go to church or anywhere on Sundays there was nothing for us to do but to yoke up a couple of oxen and ride in the wagon behind them.

Whenever a Union army broke camp and moved away there was always a mad scramble by everyone—black and white alike—to get to the camp and see what they could find. Cast-off shoes were especially wanted. Shoes had become so scarce that people were compelled to make their own. They were certainly terrible affairs. Many a white person was only

too glad to get hold of a pair of half-worn-out shoes that some Union soldier had thrown away. The only way the darkies had gotten shoes at all during the war was by picking them up at some army camp ground.

When General Sedgwick's army moved out of our part of the country we lost no time in getting to the camp. I dearly loved to ride horse-back and there were several broken-down horses running loose around the camp. They were simply worn-out horses that had been abandoned. I succeeded in catching one of them and led it home. All it needed was rest and good feeding. It took the best of care and turned out to be a wonderful saddle horse. There was no more riding behind oxen for me!

I went to visit an aunt who lived in Warrenton. She had two daughters. One of them had eloped with Colonel Cooper, a nephew of Governor Houston of Texas, and they were living at the time in Washington. My aunt was a pretty good Unionist, herself. General Sedgwick was going to give a dinner to the prominent citizens of Warrenton and of course my Aunt Sarah was invited. She procured an invitation for me and we went together. The dinner was so large an affair that it had to be held on the courthouse lawn out under the trees. It was the most brilliant affair that I have ever seen. General Sedgwick with all his staff was present. The military bands were playing their most inspiring, triumphal music. With the General were also all the regimental commanders and their staffs. All were in their gorgeous uniforms of blue, with gold epaulets and brilliant sashes. I never saw so many captains and colonels and generals in my life. To a young girl the sight was thrilling.

We were seated at long tables strung out under the trees. Such an array of food was spread out before us as I had never known in my life. It was such a dinner as I have never seen before nor since. The object of the banquet was to impress on all the power and stability of the Union government and several speeches were made with this thought in mind. The officers referred to me as their "Little Secesh Girl" and paid me every attention. The splendor of it all completely carried me off my feet. To me General Sedgwick's dinner was the most glorious event of the war.

## CHAPTER FOUR WE SURRENDER

My uncle Claggitt's farm was about 2 miles from where we were living. I was staying over night there. About 9 o'clock in the evening our Negro man, Mahlon, came to the door and said that my mother wanted to see me at once. I demanded to know what was the matter.

"There are two soldiers at the house," said Mahlon. He did not know whether they were Union soldiers or Confederates. Mother had sent a horse for me to ride home and we set out immediately for home.

Who should be there but the college boy who had helped himself to our cherries just before the Battle of Bull Run! It was the first time that we had seen him since he was so desperately ill at our home at "Level Green." He was now a cavalryman in the Second Virginia Regiment and was a fine looking soldier. Outdoor life was making a man of him. With him was his cousin, a boy by the name of Creasy. Their detachment was passing through the country where we were living. They inquired where we lived and that night slipped away from camp and came to visit us. They stayed until nearly morning. Mother gave them the finest midnight supper she knew how to prepare. She also filled their haversacks with fried chicken and biscuits. Then just before daylight she sent them back to their camp.

When the Emancipation Proclamation was issued by President Lincoln in 1863, freeing the Negro slaves, mother called our Negroes together and told them that they were now free. She said that they could do whatever they pleased and go wherever they wanted to go. They were at an utter loss what to do. They asked that they might stay with mother until the war was over and we should all go back to "Level Green." "Then we will see what we want to do," they said.

During the fall of 1863, while we were still living on the farm we rented from Mr. Craig, a straggler came to our house. He said that he had deserted from the Union army and that he wanted to join Mosby's command. We hated deserters, whether they were from one army or the other.

About two miles from our house there were some neighbors who were accustomed to letting Mosby's men hide there

overnight whenever they were in our part of the country. Betty and I agreed to take this deserter over to their place. It was a wonder that nothing ever happened to my sister and me. We were in and out among the soldiers of both armies, but never once were we ever insulted in any way. Although this fellow still had his musket with him, Betty and I set out on foot with him over the hills. He told us that he was a Southerner. When the war started he was living in Pennsylvania. All the other young men were rushing to enlist and he was swept into the Union army almost before he realized what he was doing. We turned him over to our neighbors who said that some of Mosby's men would be there that night.

"What became of that deserter we took over to you?" we asked Uncle Frank later when he was visiting us.

"Oh, he turned out to be a perfect daredevil," said my uncle. "He joined our command and became a fine soldier."

We could hear the army wagons rattling over the stone pavement whenever an army was advancing along the turnpike. One day we watched a cavalry skirmish. We lived only a mile from the road and had an unobstructed view of the turnpike. The two lines of cavalrymen would come dashing together and then recoil back again from the force of their attack. Then they would reform their lines and dash at each other again and again. It seemed to us so senseless to see them killing each other.

In the fall of 1863 we moved to another farm. It belonged to a man by the name of Smith. It had a much better house on it than the one where we had been living and there were good comfortable places for the Negroes.

It was the stragglers from both armies that did the harm in the South. It was impossible to tell to which army they did belong. They would come to a country home, usually after dark and demand food. If it wasn't cooked to suit them they would threaten to kill the women and children.

Two old ladies lived alone in our neighborhood. One night some stragglers came to their house and tied the two old ladies to chairs in the basement. Then they proceeded to gather up the silverware and to break up everything else in the house. When they went away they left the old women still tied to the chair. "Don't you dare to untie them," they told the Negro

servants. After they were gone the Negroes got up enough courage to come in and let them loose.

One night soon after General Sedgwick's troops had gone we were terribly frightened. Two stragglers came to our house. They demanded supper and mother got it for them. After they had finished they still continued to sit at the table. They stayed and stayed. It was getting nearly nine o'clock. I made a motion to my mother so that she would understand that I was going to Aunt Emily's cabin and went outdoors. As I left the room my little sister Isabella was right with me. She always followed me wherever I went.

It was pouring down rain and pitch dark. Aunt Emily knew that we had stragglers in the house and we went right to her cabin.

"Aunt Emily," I said, "we are going over to Mr. Utterbeck's and see if we can get him to help us. Will you go with us?"

"Sure I'll go with you," she replied and we all three set out. We had nearly a mile to go in the dark and rain. On the way we had to cross a little creek. The water was rising and we waded up to our knees in getting through. We got to Mr. Utterbeck's house and told him our trouble. He agreed at once to help and we all started back immediately.

Mr. Utterbeck was a Unionist and had come from St. Louis to look after his father and his property. Mr. Utterbeck was a mighty nice looking man. He stayed for some time in our neighborhood and looked after his father and his farm. While he was there he was always helping everybody in the neighborhood.

As soon as the two stragglers missed my sister and me they asked mother where we had gone.

"Oh, I guess they have just gone out to the cook's house," she said.

They went outdoors to look for us. They were unable to find us and came back in the house.

"We don't like this," they told mother. "We think there is some mischief up." Mother said nothing. They sat down again in the kitchen but were very uneasy.

When we got back to our yard we were so thoroughly

drenched with rain and so covered with mud that even our own dogs didn't know us. They set up a most terrible barking. Our two visitors rushed out of the house. They disappeared in the darkness and we never saw anything more of them. During the war when a soldier got into a dangerous place but succeeded in running away it was said that he "skedaddled." Our tormentors had certainly skedaddled. Mr. Utterbeck stayed all night. If we hadn't gone and got him we might all have been killed before morning.

Toward the end of the war supplies were very scarce and the Southern people were hard-pressed for necessities. In the fall of 1864 salt had become so scarce that we were unable to butcher our hogs. We had no salt with which to salt the meat. Our neighbors likewise had plenty of hogs to kill but no salt.

The "salt combine" was getting salt from somewhere in the Southern lines and running the blockade with it up to our part of the country. The head of the salt combine was a man by the name of Anderson Smith. He was a brother of the Mr. Smith on whose farm we were living. We went to see him and asked if we could buy some of the salt. He said we could. He told us, however, that the supply was going mighty fast and that we had better go and get some as soon as possible.

The place where the salt was hid was up in Loudoun County 30 miles away. Mother tried to get Mahlon to go to get some salt. He was afraid to go. All the Negroes were terribly afraid of the soldiers. They were just as much afraid, or even more so, of the Union soldiers as they were of the Confederates. Mahlon finally agreed to go if Betty and I would go with him. Betty and I said we would go. Hauling salt was a great risk. A person had to be very sly in order to get through with any, as the Union Cavalry was skirmishing all through the country and confiscated all the salt they could get hold of.

We were all day going the 30 miles. It rained on us all the way. The place where we had to go was up near Leesburg, in Loudoun County. The road fortunately was turnpike all the way which made the traveling good. We had some straw in the bottom of the wagon. My sister and I sat on the straw as best we could in the back of the wagon and held a leaky old umbrella over our heads. Mahlon sat in front and drove. We ate our lunch as we traveled along. Toward evening we stopped at several places and asked to stay all night. No one would keep us. Just about dark we reached the place where

the salt was kept. We told the people that Mr. Smith had sent us. They were mighty good to us and took us right in. They gave us dry clothes to put on. Then they gave us a good supper and later a good bed to sleep in. They also took good care of Mahlon.

It was about the last of November and they had a big fire in the fireplace. During the evening they had evening prayers. I knelt down with the rest of the family but for some unexplained reason, Betty refused to kneel with us. I was so mortified with her. It made me feel mighty bad the way she acted after the family had been so kind to us.

The next day we went home with our salt. We were only allowed two sacks. We killed our hogs and salted down the meat. We were unable to smoke any of the meat as the Union soldiers would have seen the smoke and taken the meat away. The soldiers were even taking meat right out of our neighbors' meat houses. The Union soldiers didn't need this meat. They were just mean. Mahlon said that he knew how to fix it so the soldiers wouldn't get any of our pork. We told him to go ahead. He dug a hole down in the woods and put a barrel of meat down in it. Then he covered it all up with brush.

Mosby's men, too, were all through the country and were always on the lookout for provisions. They were always appearing just when you least expected them. A person might think there were none of Mosby's men in the country. Then all of a sudden a bunch of them would step out of hiding and the road would be full of them.

Mahlon was in Warrenton one day with the buggy. He naturally went around to the Union headquarters. The Union officers were always very kind to us. Mother was a widow with six children and no immediate relatives so far as they knew in the Southern army. The Union army had everything in abundance. Mahlon drove up to the Union headquarters and the officers filled the buggy with sugar, rice, cheese, tea and coffee for him to take to mother.

As Mahlon was driving along the road home out jumped Captain Mountjoy and several of his men from ambush.

"Where did you get these supplies?" demanded the captain.

"At Union headquarters," said Mahlon. "I'se taking them home to my missus."

Without a word about who Mahlon's missus was, they proceeded to empty the buggy. "Mosby's men need these supplies," said Captain Mountjoy. It was a good haul for Mountjoy and his company but not for us for the war had dealt us another blow.

My Uncle Moorehead had a fine bluegrass farm about two miles from us and had lots of splendid cattle. He was a wealthy bluegrass cattleman. His house was elegantly furnished. His grand piano cost a thousand dollars. Twice a week before the war a music teacher came from Washington to give the children music lessons. On the floor were elegant Brussels carpets, while in the yards about the house great numbers of peafowl added their beauty to my uncle's home.

At Christmas time, 1864, there were no Union troops in the country and my uncle decided to give a big Christmas dinner. It was to be a very elaborate affair. My mother and I were among those invited. It was secretly understood that a large number of Mosby's men would be present. Preparations on a big scale were going on for the dinner. There was to be a whole roast pig, and, not one, but three gobblers had been killed and stuffed.

A couple of days before Christmas a troop of Union cavalry suddenly appeared in the country and camped less than a mile from my uncle's home. They had no doubt been sent to break up the dinner. The Union officers did not want the Southern people to give any aid or comfort to Mosby or his men. The next day after the troops arrived they came to the house. There were two barrels of sorghum in the basement. They broke them open and let the molasses run all over the floor. They walked all through it and smeared as much as they could on their boots. Then they proceeded to walk all over the house, upstairs and down, wiping as much of the molasses as they could on the Brussels carpets. All the feather beds and pillows in the house were ripped open and dragged with them wherever they went. Feathers were flying everywhere. They even climbed up on the grand piano and walked around on top of it while they poured molasses and feathers all through it. They ate all the Christmas dinner they could and carried away the rest. When they left they drove off lots of the beef cattle.

I hate war! We had no Christmas dinner, of course, and a day or two later my mother went over to see the wreck. For some time I had been going over to my uncle's house once a

week to practice on their piano. When I was a student at Baker's Academy I had taken piano lessons. But the Union soldiers had put an end to my music. It was a shame the way they had wrecked that piano. I never did any more practicing after that. Of course it was to be expected that the soldiers would drive off the cattle. But to ruin the house the way they did was just too mean for anything.

During the latter part of the war our afflictions were great. Uncle Frank was killed on a raid up in Maryland. He was buried there. All the while our troops were being pushed farther and farther back behind the Rappahannock river by the Union armies under General Sedgwick and General Franklin. About this time Mosby had a pitched battle and there were a number of wounded. One of these was Lieutenant Lucas. We had met him at the time of the battle of Bull Run. He had become very much in love with my sister Millie, and when he was wounded, he asked to be brought to mother's house. He was shot right through the face.

Lieutenant Lucas had had an adventurous career. He was from Maryland. There were six brothers. Five of them were in the Confederate army. The other brother, however, was a lieutenant in the Union army. After the battle of Bull Run, Lucas was in Lee's army and in a battle up in Maryland he was captured. He was all grimy and covered with smoke and dirt of battle. When he had washed himself the officer who had taken him prisoner came to see him. It was his brother. Neither had recognized the other in the thick of battle. After a few months in prison the Northern brother succeeded in getting Lucas exchanged. He immediately transferred to Mosby's command and served the last six months of the war under Mosby. It was during this time that he was wounded and brought to our house.

Lieutenant Lucas was very daring. There was never anything too hard for him to do. Mosby thought lots of him and came several times to our house to see him. I had seen Colonel Mosby riding with his men on several occasions before this. Lucas was several weeks at our house. My sister, Millie, was so different from Betty and myself. Millie was timid and never adventurous. Even when the stragglers were in our kitchen she sat still in her chair and let her younger sister, Isabella, go with me for help. Lieutenant Lucas was very sincere in his love for Millicent and only the war kept them from being married.

One day late in the fall of 1864, Mr. Anderson Smith, who was the head of the salt combine, came to our house with a letter. He grinned knowingly as he handed it to me. It was from my college boy who was now a dispatch rider for General Lee. Through his connection with General Lee he had found out that Mr. Smith was a blockade runner and that he could send letters to me. Mosby's men had never given us the slightest inkling but that everything was going well with the Confederate cause. In my letter it said that the war couldn't last much longer. Times were getting pretty bad. The men were hungry and were in need of everything. Early in April we got another letter. They were getting ready to surrender. The letter was written on the seventh of April. Two days later, Mr. Smith brought me another letter. In it, it said that General Lee and all his army had surrendered.

For us the world had fallen!

## CHAPTER 5

### WEDDING BELLS

Lee surrendered in April, 1865, but we did not get back to our old home at Level Green until Christmas. We waited throughout the summer in order to harvest our crops at New Baltimore.

Level Green was far from what it had been when we left it as "refugees" three years before. Our house was in sad repair. After Beauregard had gone, it had been occupied at different times by both armies. All our stone fences were gone and every stick of timber on the place had disappeared. Some of our land had been farmed by neighbors in our absence. The balance had been left idle and had grown up to weeds. Nearly every year while we had been gone our neighbors had had their crops taken from them right there and their little pigs were in such demand that they almost had to keep them right in their houses to prevent their being stolen.

Two of our old neighbors came to New Baltimore with their wagons and helped us move back. We had only two old horses and two oxen left. It was an awfully cold day. The weather was frosty and the wind blew hard. We had only open wagons to ride in.

Mother had spent \$2,000 in building the stone fences on our farm. They had been erected partly to clear the land of rocks and partly because we needed the fences. Most of them had been built by Irish immigrants right over from Ireland. They could build such nice smooth fences like they had in use in the old country. The last fences had been built by an Irishman by the name of Murtaugh. Blackberry vines covered the long lines of rock. On the stone walls leading down from the house to the springs were black, yellow and red raspberries. When we returned all the berry vines were gone and every vestige of the fences had disappeared. The stones had all been hauled away by the soldiers to pave the road from Centreville to Manassas.

It was Christmas week of 1865 that we got back to Level Green. Our house was empty. The plaster was off the walls in many places. The beds that were still there were of no account. Our carpets were all gone and our chairs had disappeared. Not one of the bureaus we had left in the house was still there. We half suspected that some poor white trash living in a big

body of woods on the south side of Bull Run had much of our furniture. Some people who had been there told us that they had seen our big mirror in one of their houses. Our old neighbors who had not "refugeed" came at once to see us and offered us their help. We got the plaster repaired and in a few weeks the house was again presentable.

There were many tears shed by blacks and whites alike when we returned to Level Green.

"I would just love to take you all back with me," Mother told our Negroes, "but I just can't do it. Times have changed, you are now free. I cannot feed you any longer. You must look out for yourselves."

Not one of our Negroes had left us during the war and all begged to go back with us. Many tears were shed. Our city Negroes, however, we never saw again after the war started. They came down the first Christmas to my grandmother Fox's but were unable to get through the Union lines to reach us at Level Green.

Mother selected Mahlon and his brother, Arthur, and his two sisters Martha and Mariah to go back with us to Level Green. Martha was to cook for the Negroes and Mariah was to cook for us, Aunt Emily was kept by our landlord, Mr. Smith, as a cook for his wife. A great many of the Negroes belonging to other people had left during the war and there was a great scarcity of help. Our Negroes that we left at New Baltimore had no difficulty in getting homes for themselves.

We never did believe in slavery. Lots of people in Virginia didn't believe in it either. Of course, farther south in the cotton fields and canebrakes people believed slaves were necessary. We had inherited our slaves and there was nothing to be done but to keep them. But we were glad the war ended as it did. Dozens and dozens of people said: "It ended just right." The people of Virginia after a year or two found that it was far better for them that the Negroes were free.

Lieutenant Lucas returned soon after the war ended and he and my sister, Millie, were married. She was hardly 18, but girls married much earlier in those days than they do now. He and his bride went to Stafford Court House to live and here they opened up a little store. In a few years they moved to Owensburg, Kentucky, where Mr. Lucas had several brothers who were doing well in business. Mr. Lucas was quite a politi-

tician and soon was elected to office. In time he became the deputy sheriff.

Negroes were jerked up on very slight provocation after the war and dealt with harshly. Lucas was the jailor. Some white girls had been attacked and several Negroes were arrested and lodged in jail. Lucas thought these particular Negroes were innocent. When a mob formed to lynch them he refused to give them up. The mob began shooting in hopes of intimidating him. Mr. Lucas absolutely refused to let the mob have the keys. His wife, who had been my timid little sister all during the war, heard the shooting and came at once. She and their 12-year-old son stood right beside him. When at last Lucas fell dead my sister, Millie, seized his pistol and with all the fury of her pent-up life screamed, "The first man that advances I'll kill." She held the mob at bay until the sheriff arrived and disbursed them.

Mrs. Lucas was immediately appointed jailor in her husband's place. Anyone as brave as she was, everyone said, was entitled to the office. My sister was the first woman in the U.S. to hold such an office. She received bushels of letters from all over the U.S. congratulating her. Mrs. Cady M. Stanton, the famous women's rights champion, was one who wrote to her praising her for her bravery. And yet all during the war my sister had never shown the slightest sign of courage. She never was adventurous. Even when the stragglers were at our house she was not moved to action. Yet she turned out to be the bravest of us all.

We had been back at Level Green only a few days when the neighbors came to me and said they needed a school. There had been no school near Level Green all during the war. Even the schoolhouse itself had been destroyed. They wanted me to open a school and I did so. A house in our yard that had been one of the Negro cabins was made over into a schoolhouse. Everything was fitted up nicely. More windows were put in, a stove was secured and regular desks installed. Everything was made comfortable and much more up-to-date than was my grandmother's schoolhouse where I had begun teaching when I was 14, lacking 2 months of 15. I was now 21.

We had a very nice school. There were about 30 pupils. There were no public schools in Virginia yet and I was paid by the parents. My pupils were all nice and good. Among them were two boys about grown. They were very smart and I used

to teach them arithmetic and algebra in the evenings.

One noon when I returned from my dinner and called school to order who should come waddling in but a big fat darkey woman. "I'se wants education." The school was in an uproar. The idea of a colored woman coming to school tickled the scholars immensely.

"Now, Charlie," I said, "You can't fool me like that. You go right home and take that garb off."

The Negro woman kept protesting emphatically, "I'se not Charlie. I'se Martha. I'se come to your school to get education."

There was a boy about 16 among my pupils who was full of mischief. His name was Charlie Green and when I saw the darkey woman coming into the school I looked all around for Charlie but he was nowhere to be seen.

Charlie could imitate a darkey to perfection. During the noon hour he had gone over to Martha's cabin and dressed up in some of her clothes. He blackened his face and stuffed a pillow under the dress to further disguise himself as a Negro mammy. He thought I would not recognize him.

"Now, Charlie," I said firmly, "Yoy've got to apologize to me. The idea of your saying you are a Negro woman and want to come to my school!" But Charlie steadfastly refused to apologize and I made him leave the room. "Don't come back," I told him.

Later in the day Charlie and his father came back to the school. I told them that if Charlie hadn't persisted in saying that he was a darkey woman and kept the school in an uproar for nearly an hour I wouldn't insist on his apologizing. Charlie still refused steadfastly to apologize. He agreed, however, to behave himself properly in the future and was allowed to return to school.

In September the same pupils were back again for school and some new pupils with them. I taught school until December—until within a week of my marriage. Everyone was sorry I was going to close the school. The last day of school Charlie brought me a note in which he apologized. He said that he had never learned so much before or advanced so rapidly in any school he had attended.

Yes, I married my soldier boy. His name was Wilbur F.

Clarke. We were married on the 12th of December 1866. My uncle, Albert Fox had just graduated from medical college in Richmond. He and his sister, Aunt Jenny, were present at the wedding. A neighboring soldier boy by the name of J. L. Wright who was very much interested in my younger sister, Betty, was also there. We had a lovely turkey supper before the ceremony. We were married by Mr. Clarke's uncle who was a Methodist minister. The next morning almost before daylight we had an early breakfast and left for Manassas, six miles away, to take the train for Washington where we spent our honeymoon.<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Clarke's father lived 12 miles from Charlottesville, in Albemarle County, Virginia. Monticello, the home of Jefferson lay half way between his plantation and Charlottesville. It was a great apple country and the Albemarle pippins were famous. The war had left Mr. Clarke in bad circumstances. All his orchards had been destroyed. Only his home remained. Before the war Mr. Clarke used to manufacture barrels. He owned lots of slaves and used to keep them in cabins in the woods where they made barrels of all kinds—everything in fact with hoops.

Of all the Clarke Negroes only one remained on the plantation after the war. All the others had left. Uncle Peter was his name. He was a good cook and very proud of his skill.

The surrender of the Confederacy had a depressing effect on the Southern people. Those who had gone to war and later returned to find many of their relatives dead and their friends gone found it difficult to pick up the thread of life again. Those who had stayed at home and lost all their possessions were equally depressed. Many did not know how to take up life again and some never did get adjusted. With his apple orchards destroyed and his Negroes gone, Mr. Clarke no longer had any revenue coming in and regretted bitterly his inability to start his newly-married son out in life in the manner in which he would have done only a few years before.

My husband had a wealthy aunt who was a widow. Her name as Mrs. Elizabeth Thompkins and she lived in Nelson County, Virginia. Her only son had been killed in the war. She wanted us to come and manage her plantation for her. Aunt

5. See "Register of Marriages, 1866" page 7, Fairfax County Records, line 47 reads Millar Fish Clarke, age 27, Albemarle, single to Sallie J. Summers, age 21, Fairfax County, single.

Betty had a very large house and we made our home with her. Many of her Negroes were still living on the plantation. They were good Negroes, but not bright and smart like those that had belonged to my mother. Mr. Clarke raised a good crop and everybody got his share. Part went to the Negroes, part to Aunt Betty and part to us.

My sister, Betty, took my school when I left and taught there for a year. Then she married Mr. Wright. He was born and raised in Virginia and lived only a few miles from Level Green. He was from a New York family that had settled in Virginia some 20 years before the war. He served in a Virginia regiment and when Colonel Mosby called for men who knew all the roads and byways of northern Virginia he was one of those selected for Mosby's command. He served with Mosby until the surrender at the close of the war. After their marriage, my sister and Mr. Wright went to Baltimore to live. Less than a year later Mr. Wright moved to Chicago where he opened a school of telegraphy and had many pupils.

My youngest sister, Isabella, she who had defended her turkeys so valiantly in the war, married a boy by the name of Thomas Holden. He was from New York. His family had located in Virginia long before the war. Their farm adjoined that of mother's. The Holdens left two grown sons in New York when they settled in Virginia. When the war broke out their youngest son, Thomas, enlisted in the 17th Virginia Regiment. Later on during the war, when the Union troops found that the Holdens were from New York but were Southern sympathizers and had a son in the Confederate army they burned the Holden's house and barns. After the war Thomas Holden built the house again and my sister named it "Elsinore" after our ancestral home in Scotland.

One day mother heard a knock at the door. On opening it who should fall at her feet but Aunt Emily. "Oh, Missus Marianna, Missus Marianna," she sobbed. "I just thought I would die if I didn't see you again. I just had to come and see you once more." Mother broke down and cried, too. Aunt Emily and mother sat and cried together for an hour. Our Negroes were very dear to us. The old colored woman had come on foot for 35 miles from New Baltimore to see mother. Her feet were blistered and her dress was covered with dust. "I just thought I would die if I didn't see you again," she kept telling my

mother. She visited several days and then mother gave her money to pay her fare back home.

Mr. Clarke's father still had three portable sawmills left after the war. He told my husband that he thought we could make more money with a sawmill than we were making on Aunt Betty's plantation. He offered to give us one of the mills. There was a man by the name of Alexander who had lots of timber in the southern part of Virginia. He wanted someone with a sawmill to come down and saw timber for him. We went down with one of the mills. It was shipped by water from Baltimore. Several of Aunt Betty's Negroes also went along to help. We boarded with a man whose timber we were sawing.

Southern Virginia is a marshy, wet country and full of malaria. Mr. Clarke had to sell his mill and return me to Level Green. I was sick in bed with malaria for six months. The doctor advised a change of climate. We thought of going to Texas and the doctor was heartily in favor of it. Mr. Clarke, however, had been getting letters from his cousin, Tom, who lived somewhere in California. The overland railroad had been completed that year (1869) and a journey to California was no longer a thing to be dreaded. Trains were running straight through from Washington to San Francisco. We packed our trunks and a few boxes and on the 8th of January 1870 started with our two little daughters, one only a few months old, for California.

---

NOTE: The last chapters of this delightful story deal with life in California. With regret, we have limited our reprinting to that part which tells of life in Fairfax County.

## THE CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCES OF A NORTHERN FAMILY SETTLED IN VIRGINIA

Taken Mainly From The Diaries Of Charles and Phebe Sutton  
Edited By Their Daughter, Alice M. Coates

My parents, in their early married life, went from Dutchess County, N.Y. to Fairfax County, Va.<sup>6</sup> There, in 1841, they commenced their pioneer life in a log house, surrounded by a pine forest. They went upstairs on a ladder, and introduced the first cook stove in that locality. Twenty years later, at the outbreak of the Civil War, found them in a new frame house, with a good barn, and surrounded by fertile fields and signs of thrift. In this home eight of their ten children were born, and passed the happy days of childhood.

Our family was one of a Northern settlement of some thirty families, forming a society among ourselves, though much in contact with Virginians about us. The eventful spring of 1861 was to us one of great anxiety and excitement. From the firing of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, the War Spirit was about us. Seven of the Southern States had already seceded; the "Confederacy" had been formed, while other states were fast falling into line. Virginia called a convention and framed its Ordinance of Secession April 17, and submitted the same for popular vote on May 23, 1861.

The delegates were largely Unionists, but afraid to vote according to their convictions. Prof. Stabler, late of George School, told us his grandfather, an able member of Virginia Legislature, made a telling speech in that convention which would likely have carried the convention against secession, but for the howling mob outside. The New York Tribune was no longer allowed to pass thru the Post Office. All subscribers to it were dubbed Abolitionists and their lives threatened. My father had not been in full sympathy with that movement until these stirring times made quick decisions. He had been an employer of slave labor for years. No other help was procurable.

Owners hired slaves for their keep, i.e. two suits of winter

6. The Charles Sutton place, referred to in this article, is now occupied by Miss Nellie M. Sayre; it is located on Blake's Lane (State Rt. No. 655) about one-half mile from Lee Highway.

and two suits of summer clothes, with two pairs of shoes per year. The white folks who worked were counted "nobodys" by the native Virginians, whether white or black, before the war. Prior to the voting, consequential young men of the F.F.V.'s rode over the country in groups of four, on their galloping steeds, boldly threatening the lives of all who should vote against the Ordinance. In spite of these threats, my father, Charles Sutton and Squire Millard voted in the minority at Fairfax Court House.<sup>7</sup>

A detachment of the Union Army in Washington then crossed the Potomac River into Alexandria, and advanced slowly toward Falls Church. Great excitement was caused by their ordering down the "Rebel" flags of many citizens. The Confederates also advanced toward Washington, thus causing uneasiness among the residents of Fairfax County. A colored man who was hired to Squire Millard by the year, heard, thru his wife, who cooked for some Southern officers at Fairfax Court House, that they meant to get "Millard and Sutton."

My father was planting corn when a man came and called him aside and told him. Father told my brothers to keep on planting corn, and he went into the house. He and Mr. Millard forthwith left their families and homes, going to the nation's capital for safety, barely escaping pursuit. This was May 29, 1861.

The Confederate Army now came into possession of our section. Pickets guarded the roads and passes were required from all travellers. Six weeks of suspense and danger for us, ere the Union Army advanced toward Bull Run. All the schools were closed. Mills were guarded and "passes" given cautiously, often very much limited. Pickets were stationed about our premises, watching for father. They searched the house frequently.

Mrs. Millard and mother were restricted in passes and dreaded starvation. The Confederates thought they might easily slip information thru the line as the Federal Army was not many miles away. We had no lights in the house all those six weeks. We placed our clothes carefully on separate chairs at night so we could take them on our arms and get down cellar quickly, if mother called us, in case of battle. We had valuable papers

7. See "The Secession Election"—By Thos. P. Chapman, Jr., Vol. 4, Historical Society Yearbook (1955) page 49.

and money in belts about us. You see we were in direct line of march of Union troops on advance to Bull Run.

Just before the advance of Federals to Bull Run, mother managed to get about one-fourth of our bedding and most of our winter clothing into Georgetown, by shunning the pickets. She knew we would have to get away somehow for the safety of our lives. Southern officers told her from the first that we were on the battle ground, as they were but three miles south of us and would fight if attacked. For several weeks we were constantly expecting a battle.

One moonlight night father came home. He stopped at the barn to see his stock, cows and horses, then came to the house, pumped himself a drink by a chain pump, and tapped quietly on mother's bedroom window. She was amazed to see him, admitted him quietly and whispered her mingled joy and terror.

He was secreted in the garret till the next night when he took his boots in hand, and succeeded in stealing his way, very carefully, thru that picket line. Only the older children saw him at all. The colored man suspected that "Marse Sutton done seen dem hosses lately," and gladly told mother where the guards were posted for the night. He climbed a cherry tree and whistled as he ate till the last one called "Halt," thus revealing his position. Picture her anxiety with him going out in the night alone, and no way to hear how he fared; just hoping for the best. Safety lay eight miles away at Falls Church, though he continued on to Washington, D.C.

Mother and Mrs. Millard were not allowed passes at last, because they were reported to the Southern Provost Marshal to have husbands at Falls Church, who could carry news to Federal troops. Going to mill meant going beyond the Southern pickets and might enable them to communicate. When passes were refused them, mother contrived a way to escape with her family. She sent several of us girls blackberrying in a neighbor's field beyond the line of pickets. Pickets allowed us to pick blackberries in sight of their posts or stations. It was in the days of hoopskirts and we managed to tie small articles of clothing to our hoops, and put all possible over and under, and left them at our neighbors' house, Mr. Terry's, where we went for a drink before picking berries.

The next day sister Addie with the two smaller sisters, Jeannie and Ella, dressed much the same, passed the pickets

to visit Mrs. Terry. Three others went in another direction to the shoemakers with shoes on their arms for repairs. We were to meet at Mrs. Terry's and proceed on our journey. Because of this well-planned and complicated arrangement, mother had all things in shape to leave the home in care of Henry Dean, a colored slave, hired to us by the year, and whom we called "Uncle Henry." He was instructed to stay as long as he safely could, and care for the stock and protect the buildings. As a final preparation for leaving she had him empty five gallons of sour cream into the slop barrel. Ninety pounds of butter from dairy of fifteen cows had previously been buried in our cellar, so completely done as scarcely to be traced by a neighbor, who went in search of it.

Wednesday morning came, the day of our departure. We were at breakfast when Uncle Henry rushed in to tell us that we better be off, for the Federals were coming and there would soon be a battle. Mother spread a sheet upon the floor, and told us to fill it with clothes. Uncle Henry shouldered it and led us across the fields to Mrs. Terry's, calling, "Come on chilluns, come on quick." We were very glad then that the little girls had gone the day before. Mother said "don't look back children," but childlike we looked again and again, at the little handful of Confederates drawn up in line of battle on a knoll in front of our house. They soon disappeared and retreated rapidly to their headquarters at Fairfax Court House.

Mother wanted to press on beyond Mr. Terry's for greater safety but the advancing guard officers stopped us. They had instructions to arrest and protect all citizens they found on the highways. Mr. Terry was not allowed to bring his horses in from the field, where he feared they were unsafe. Some officers soon sent an order for breakfast and we girls helped Mrs. Terry get it. The soldiers were afraid to drink from the well lest it had been poisoned. Mother told us to drink, and they quickly followed suit. Father followed the army from Falls Church and was surprised to find us at Mrs. Terry's. He said we must go right home or it might be destroyed as property of the Rebels. The officers looked thru spy glasses saw the Confederates moving southward and said, "See the cowards run." The Confederates had planned to meet them to better advantage at Bull Run, and only drew them on.

The Federals were in possession of the Court House that night. Some of the Federal officers stopped over night with

Mr. Ford. His daughter, Antonia, a heroic young lady of twenty-two, intensely loyal to the South, listened at the key-hole and heard the plans proposed. Next morning she asked for a pass to visit a sick aunt, a few miles South, which was granted. She immediately reported these plans to Southern troops. She was detected, arrested and confined in Old Capital Prison, in Washington.

A few years later she married Major Willard, of the Federal Army. It is claimed that it was he who went to the prison to get her released and they were mutually attracted. He owned the Willard Hotel in Washington, and was very wealthy. She died young and left a son, Joseph, who lived with his grandmother at Fairfax, till his marriage, when he built a fine mansion there and where they lived in luxury, or traveled at will. For four or five days we were in glory. Safe at home with father in our midst. He reported at Vienna headquarters, about the loss of a good team of four horses taken from his man, John, for use of the Confederate troops. He then borrowed a team of captured horses to go into Washington for supplies.

The next day we heard the firing of the cannons from Bull Run battle, all day long, like rumble of distant thunder. This was July 21, 1861. There was a perfect panic at the time of that battle. Many carriage loads of people went out from Washington to see the battle, including newspaper reporters and others. In the excitement some ventured so near as to make confusion, and at the time of retreat carriages and army wagons became mixed.

The Federals retreated, but those who witnessed the battle thought the two forces were about equal, and that both were badly used up. When the Federals retreated, the Confederates then pressed forward and were bound to take Washington. On Monday, the 22nd, word came of this, and we could not think it possible. Father had gone to Washington, taking a carriage load of panic-stricken reporters back. They paid him \$10 which proved to be counterfeit. The citizens were panic stricken. Mother could keep her presence of mind in great excitement. She told Uncle Henry to get oxtteam to hay wagon with hay or straw on it. Beds and clothing were put upon it. She and the smaller children rode. With us went Mrs. Squire Millard, Samuel and Anna Millard and baby, also Mrs. Ainsley and child.

The boys and older girls took turns in walking on the road

to Washington, through rain and mud. They told the pickets they passed, to be on the lookout for our father, who would soon be passing by. The picket at Chain Bridge described us so fully that father turned back and met us at Mr. Huston's, in Georgetown, where sixty-three refugees spent the night. The roads were full of fleeing people. We wore all the clothing we could; walking in the rain and mud was terrible. Some of our beds were left at Mr. Heads, a Northern man, living beyond Vienna. This gave more room on the wagon.

I had helped with the stock and was loath to leave it behind, especially my cow and colt. Our home and fertile fields were well fenced, and the stock was valued at \$6,500.00. Father had cut and sold the season's hay to the Union forces under Gen. McDowell, as it advanced from Washington to Bull Run. It rested at Vienna the night of July 16, and just beyond Fairfax Court House on the 17th. He was paid \$300.00.

Father had offered to return the horses to the army but was told to keep them, as the Commanding Officer had been transferred and the new one knew nothing of the transaction. He sold the oxen in Washington and we started in the carriage on our journey to Dutchess County, N.Y., the home of our grandfather, Aaron Sutton. This consumed thirty days. The Friends (Quakers) along the route were glad to entertain refugees, one sending us on to another.

The first day we drove to Sandy Springs, Md., stopping at Richard Bentleys all night. Next at Mrs. Bentleys' father's, in Baltimore, John Needles, who took us to a hotel where the proprietor charged cost price, and Friend Needles paid the livery bill. From Baltimore we drove to Abel Hulls, Forest, Md. Then to Wm. Haviland's whose wife was mother's cousin. We then spent three days visiting William's brother and parents. Then to Samuel Brown's near New Texas, Lancaster County, Pa. Here we were received with open arms and urged to stay a week, but we moved along. The house is still standing, in 1929, belonging to Wm. P. King estate.

Sammie Brown took us to Friend Pennock's, near Chatham, Chester County. Our next host was Edward Needles, in Philadelphia, at the home of Jeanette Jackson, who conducted a private boarding house with eight or ten nice boarders. We were warmly welcomed by all. The boarders helped with the extra work and crowded themselves to give us lodging. Of course Mr. Needles paid the bill for the family of ten.

We then drove forty miles thru New Jersey to New Brunswick for the night at a German boarding house. We then went by boat to New York and over to Aunt Amy Lockwood's, in Brooklyn. We remained there five days, visiting relatives and going to Greenwood Cemetery. We next visited about Chappaqua, N.Y., with father's aunt. Hannah Pierce, Cousin Moses Pierce, James and John Ferguson, Uncle Thomas Pierce, Cousin John Pierce, Joseph Irish, Uncle Moses Sutton, Jesse H. Underhill, Uncle Aaron Quinby, Cousin George Hallock. Thence to Uncle Anthony Potter's, in Putnam County, N.Y., where we found Aunt Sara in readiness for us with an extra large baking of bread in her cellar. Uncle Abraham Lockwood and daughters, Virginia and Clara, were visiting there too.

We visited here for several days and then drove on to our grandfather's, our place of destination. Our Uncle Alfred Sutton's widow and two sons, Wm. Henry, and George Edward were already living there. That old mansion still stands, though it now belongs to strangers. The last owners were Frederick and Martha Sutton Clement, who sold it in 1926. Other children of Aaron Sutton were George A., Silas, Melissa, and Sarah E. Gardner-Magill. Many tales could those old walls tell of generous hospitality.

The parents, twin sons, John and Charlie, and Ella, age two and one-half years, remained there. The girls were sent among relatives, I being with Aunt Hannah Pierce, others at Cousin Jesse Underhill's, Jesse Sutton's, and Frank Hights, all attending school. In spring of 1862 they decided to return to Virginia for protection of their property. The twin brothers and sister, Josephine, came with them, the others remaining up North. They drove through as before, coming all the way in nine days, via West Chester, Pa., where they were entertained at William Darlington's, cousins of my husband.

Having but \$45 as a budget these "visits" were very acceptable. The large house was not tenable so they began in the tenant house. They harvested hay and peaches. Weather-boarding was off the barn and the house minus doors and windows. There were no soldiers near when they returned but in about six weeks both sides advanced to second Battle of Bull Run, and again a Federal defeat, Popes' defeat. The greatest excitement prevailed.

Following the retreat toward Washington came the colored people, in great numbers, old and young, big and little,

from the direction of the battlefield, walking with their little bundles in their arms and on their heads, saying that the Rebels were on their heels and "were going to kill everybody." Father and family started off again, going to a place near Georgetown that night. The men watched while women and children slept and were unmolested. They drove into Washington next morning and out to Roger Brooks, at Sandy Spring that night.

Father returned for their three cows. They waited for him three days in suspense, and feared he had been captured. Roger Brook's son brought mother to Washington to trace him, and they met at Mrs. Carpenter's. He had been delayed by helping others drive their cows round about thru the woods to shun the Rebel pickets.

The Union forces were in possession near Washington. Father drove his cows to Sandy Spring and sold them, and then all drove over to Samuel Brown's in Lancaster County, Pa., where they remained while he rode back on a third horse to Washington. He bought a revolver and went out to his home to guard the hay and wait till it was safe for his family to return. On his return the country was clear of soldiers from Washington out to his home. But soon afterward, the Federals advanced to Vienna. They bought his hay, but wanted it a little at a time; as they could use it, so he had to stay and deal it out, which took some weeks.

Then the country was so full of soldiers that he needed to guard the home lest it be set on fire by straggling soldiers. This was done twice, during his absence in New York, and put out by kind neighbors once, and thoughtful soldiers the second time. So he wrote for mother to come if she could, Mother left the boys at school. John at Emmor Smedley's, and Charlie at Lindley King's, but he was later changed to Thomas Smedley's.

Levi Brown kindly sent his son Jacob, to William Halland's, at Forest, Md., with them. She and Josephine drove thru along to Falls Church and out to Mr. Barrits, who told mother it was unsafe to come further, that people were often molested on the road. Mother reported to father and he left a guard over the house and went down for them. They decided to live in the large house as the tenant house was of less value if destroyed. They therefore used doors and windows of tenant house to refit a part of the home dwelling, the parlor and bed-

room back of it. They were given a guard for protection. They began again in a rude way cooking by fireplace as at the tenant house for the six weeks therein. Mother baked biscuits in a pan inclined to fire by placing bricks behind it as she had seen her mother do when a child.

The tenant house had been used as officers quarters. The windows and doors were gone, boards were in demand for use in camps and for coffins. The walls were defaced with writings and drawings, and marks on floor where they cut meat. After leaving our home in 1861, neighbors had gone in and appropriated most of the furniture. Father's desk was fancied by a Southern officer and shipped to his home with mother's watch locked in it. Mother made tables with doors laid on barrels for eating, dish washing, cupboards, etc. They found one bedstead and feather bed, which my parents used. The guard slept on a pallet by the fire. Josephine made a straw bed in the bedroom.

Gradually father added comforts of shelves, bench and a closet. When Spring came, they fitted up the dining room windows and found a good cook stove in a deserted camp, which was a treasure. Mother and sister had nearly baked their brains out cooking at the fireplace all winter for themselves and soldiers.

They found one of their cows in the pines and sold their surplus milk to officers, who sent servants for it, at 10 cents a quart, to amount of eleven dollars. This money furnished them with many necessities. In Spring of '63, father bought another cow and sold milk from the home till he made money enough for another cow. Mother had put up a little fruit in Pennsylvania and bought butter there, enough for all winter.

Father kept on with his dairy till he had fourteen cows, when taken by Mosby's cavalry, September 23, 1863. All that summer he went to camp with milk, pies, doughnuts, etc., and made money fast. He was considered rich and was several times molested enroute. Sister Joe made pies and doughnuts and sold at home as well as in camp.

During the Summer of '62, after father had harvested one-half the grass, between 600 and 700 Government cattle were turned on the balance for grazing. The officer who had charge of them told father to go to Centreville a certain day, and he would give him Government receipts for the grass. Father went on that day but the officer had gone with the cattle.

It is likely he had been ordered elsewhere unexpectedly, common in war. Father never received any pay for it and counted it \$800.00 Government damage. They tramped down more than they ate, so it could not be mowed. He had sold the first half of crop to the Federal Government for \$1,000.00.

The family sold milk and butter, and cooked and baked to sell in camp during the war. Father drove a blind horse to camp, could keep nothing good, the soldiers would steal them and sell very cheap to citizens. These poor horses were marked I. C. inspected and condemned. One night a soldier appeared on each side of him, pointing revolvers at his temples, demanding money. He knew they would not shoot, for they were out of camp without permission, so he threatened to report them to headquarters, and was let go. He had \$60.00 but had slipped it into the hay quickly. Once he went into a camp of very rough men, who tried to steal his supper, and when he forced them to get out they threw stones and he had to drive as fast as possible to escape unharmed.

One of father's greatest dangers was an Irishman, soldier, first in Rebel service and then in Federal. A very artful and bad man, who could imitate almost any handwriting. He used to write passes for himself and others, to join him, and get out of camp for plunder, and went about stealing whatever they could. A desperado! He came to our house with two other men, and with one, entered and behaved rudely, like they were intoxicated. Father ordered them out, whereupon the Irishman commanded the third man outside to give him his revolver and immediately pointed it at father, meaning to shoot.

Mother was terribly frightened and ran for help. Sister Joe pursued her, and pleaded for her to come back and defend father. Joe was sure that they together could carry enough stones in their aprons to stone three men away. Mother thought not, but she went back, and Joe ran to Mr. Spears and beckoned three men to the rescue. When mother got back to the house she found father had such presence of mind and courage as to rush behind his assailant and hold him tightly by the arms, and commanded one of the other men to take the revolver, which he did, and all were glad to make their retreat at the appearance of those kind neighbors. Father reported him that very day and other charges were brought against him which soon committed him to jail. Father applied for a guard and was supplied.

A few days later, the same desperado rode up with four

other cavalrymen, and asked for milk. Father refused it and they asked him to bring out a pitcher of water to them; we suppose for some harm. He sent the guard out with the water. The sight of a guard meant they dare not molest anything there. The guard stayed until the army had marching orders and all were called in. His name was Augustus O'Hennissey and he afterward died in Andersonville prison, in Georgia.

In the meantime that dreaded man had broken out of jail and was prowling about the woods. They were one night unguarded and in great suspense. The very next morning he came in and asked for dry socks in place of his wet ones, breakfast, horsefeed and a white shirt, he was tired of colored shirts. Mother understood that he wanted a citizen's dress in part, so as not to be recognized as a soldier, and intended to plunder instead of joining his Company. While she was getting his breakfast several soldiers called to bid them goodbye, before marching on, and at sight of them he quickly got away, without waiting for breakfast or anything else. He had his dry socks but no white shirt and they never heard of him afterwards. Later on they had protection papers which were as good as a guard, and they were granted to all loyal citizens.

Addie came home that summer and Marianna came from Normal School in Albany, in June. They remained home that winter and Josephine went to Fair Hill Boarding School. Roger Brook's wife got her in on the free fund. She bought her own clothes with money she made selling things to soldiers. She had paid father a commission, saved \$300.00 and \$200.00 was invested in Government Bonds.

At 5 A.M., September 23, 1863, a captain of a division of Mosby's, the famous guerrilla warriors, came to our home demanding father to go at once, with him as prisoner, because of his Loyalty to the Union. He was allowed to change clothing under guard and eat a bite out of hand. He rode away on his own grey horse, which was soon taken from him.

Father felt that Mosby was looking for another party and missed him, so took father instead. They put him in Castle Thunder Prison, Richmond, Va., where he remained four months, and then sent him to Salisbury, N.C., for three months. Then again to Libbey Prison, in Richmond, for two weeks; making a total confinement of seven and one-half months. When he left home we scarcely expected to see him again, feeling

sure if he lived to be put into prison he could not long survive the life in one. But we hoped, as all did.

The man Mosby, was Captain of Partisan Rangers, he received a Commission as Captain of Mosby's Regulars, and was under general orders from March 1863.

The prison life was terrible, and though mother sent him money to buy clean food, it did not always reach him. He wrote home for a box of food and other essentials but she was afraid to send so much lest it go astray. Men really gambled for food. She sent money by a friend and he kept half of it. Also concealed it in butter once, which he received. The diet was coarse, and place most filthy at Libbey.

There were several of our neighbors in Castle Thunder and they secured their freedom by taking oath of allegiance "not to bear arms against the South," after two months, but father could not see his way clear to do that. Letters were very uncertain of delivery and long delayed in transit. They were all inspected and many never sent. (A few letters appear in the appendix to this book).

### EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS

Mother was anxious to get father out but had no conception of the required course. A Federal Lieutenant at Vienna once asked if she had tried to get him out, and told her if "he were a soldier" he could do something, but not for a citizen. She then went to Court House to interview a General there as to the matter. The General being away, Capt. Heggart, Provost Marshal at that time, granted her a pass and said "take the bull by the horns, and go to see Secretary Stanton, Secretary of War."

She went to John Hawxhurst, a personal friend, who lay awake all night trying to devise some plan by which Secretary Stanton could be reached. Next morning he went with her to Old Capitol Prison which was used as a prison for Confederate soldiers. He told the keeper of father's imprisonment and asked if there was any prisoner who could be exchanged for him. He replied "If I could choose, I could find several of them." He wrote a letter to Secretary Stanton stating the case and gave it to Hawxhurst who went with mother to the War Department and waited four hours for a turn to see Assistant Secretary Dana, but were too late.

They went the next day and waited two hours for a turn. When the letter reached Secretary Stanton thru his assistant, Secretary Dana, he wrote the desired order! They took it to the Commissioner of Exchange and the keeper of the Old Capitol Prison was allowed to choose the man. He chose a blockade runner, a very valuable man to the Confederacy. The prisoner was sent to Richmond and an order to Salisbury for father's return to Richmond. There he was taken before the Commissioner of Exchange, the first evidence of the proposed exchange. He asked if he might go back to Castle Thunder from choice. The Commissioner replied he could go if he liked, but was more likely to be forgotten.

Father said he would go to Libbey Prison as he would not for the world be forgotten. Libbey Prison was fearful, no water closets, just a tub in the room, emptied daily. The men were infested with vermin and bodies scaly, no chance to exercise. At Salisbury they walked out in a large lot. He was left in Libbey two weeks and contracted chronic diarrhea and was sent to the prison hospital, which was little better than the prison as to diet or comforts. Men were sick and died of starvation for want of proper diet.

Father waited there in suspense for two weeks. He then found they were sending out boatloads of prisoners daily, to Annapolis, and were sending the sickest first and continued till all were gone save him. When he asked the doctor why he was left and was told "because you are a citizen, and we are exchanging only soldiers."

Father then wrote a note to the Commissioner of Exchange, reminding him of his promise, and telling him that he was in the hospital, too sick to live much longer if he did not get away. The hospital physician kindly got his note to the Commissioner of Exchange, who sent an order for him to be put aboard the last boat. He was too sick to sit up in the boat. On his arrival at Annapolis, he was bathed and dressed in fresh clothing and put in a clean bed and given proper diet, and every care, which restored him rapidly. From the time of mother's appeal to Secretary Stanton, to father's arrival in Annapolis, there was no communication between them. Father did not know what mother had done, and she did not even hear that he had been sent to Salisbury then back to Richmond and to hospital.

She, thinking him still in Richmond, wondered why he did

not come home. When he reached Annapolis he wrote to Sammy Carpenter, who reported to mother. She went to meet him, prepared to stay awhile, if she found him alive. She had a trunk packed with clothing and every imaginable need for his comfort. He had gained so rapidly there that he came home with her at once, everjoyed at prospect of being with his family again. He was weak and timid but soon regained his strength.

He went to Lancaster County, Pa., for the two boys, Charlie and Johnny, in May, 1864. They had been one and one-half years in the homes of Thomas and Emmor Smedley, near Wakefield, going to the Conowingo school. The kindness of these friends and others at that time, and in later years could never be repaid.

After father was taken away, mother hired a man and kept things going. She paid all expenses and saved \$500.00, which was invested in Government Bonds. When he returned, the cows were fresh and eight nice calves, all doing well. Father had been sending all spare money to Grandfather Sutton, to pay for land, but now invested in Government Bonds, to have some dependence for his family. The boys now being home, they helped milk, and they continued to sell milk as long as there were soldiers about, going ten miles sometimes. When the soldiers were gone, mother made butter and sold it in Washington, D. C., for 75 cents a pound, and later in market for 50 cents. Secretary Chase's housekeeper said she must have it if she had to pay \$1.00 a pound.

I returned home in Spring of 1865 with Jennie and Ella from New York, where we had been in school. We arrived in Washington the evening of President Lincoln's assassination, April 14. We had to remain two nights and a day, for no one was allowed to enter or leave the city while they searched for John Wilkes Booth, the assassin. We secured a pass to Vienna, thru a friend, Mr. Burch, in Government employ. All roads were guarded closely and excitement ran high, very high! How sad that our beloved President was a martyr. The whole nation mourned his death.

The day after Lincoln was shot two loads of good apples were being taken to Washington market, but not allowed to enter the city, so they came to our home. Mother bought the apples cheap, as they wanted to sell badly. Father sold apples at camp and did well. The children enjoyed the speckled ones.

Soon the surrender of Lee and disbanding of both armies and resuming of former occupations gave our nation peace.

The only instance of actual combat occurring near the home was when a patrol of twenty-five men, who carried messages daily from 13th and 16th New York Cavalry at Vienna, to eight Illinois Cavalry and six Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery at Fairfax C. H. was attacked by Mosby's Guerrillas. The patrol did not follow the road until half a mile beyond our house, where Mosby had dismounted and concealed himself in a cut. He charged on the patrol who carried only revolvers that day. They were outnumbered and sought safety in retreat, some going thru timber, some passing close to our house. Mosby wanted horses and arms and shot and killed one man and mortally wounded another within 25 feet of our house. They got several horses.

Mosby and men escaped thru timber before reaching the Fort three-fourths of a mile away. John was on the road and caught a horse for the Advance Guard and picked up two blankets and a cap in the field, which the soldiers had dropped. An ambulance and fifty soldiers came for the two men.

Our family was all united that summer of 1865, but scattered in a few years to many directions. Marianna married Capt. S. B. Smith and went to Michigan. I went to school again and began my teaching in Lancaster County, Pa., where I settled after marriage in 1872. Addie later married Lieut. W. B. Libbey, who had been stationed near our home, at Fort Libbey.

In 1874 the family went West to Crete, Nebr., where mother's brother, Walter Lockwood, was locating. They became absorbed into that wonderful country. Father could not dispose of all his Virginia property, so mother returned to him in 1878 and they lived near Vienna till his death in 1885. Mother died in 1901 at my home, just two weeks before her 88th birthday. They are interred in Flint Hill Cemetery, at Oakton, Va., and with them sister Josephine.

## APPENDIX

I here append Protection Paper and copies of several Passes issued by Captain and Provost Marshal, at Fairfax C. H. to my mother, while father was in prison, and later some granted to him.

---

Head Quarters Corcoran's Division

Fairfax C. H., Nov. 4, 1863.

I hereby certify that Mrs. Chas. Sutton, whose husband is now a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, is a loyal citizen of the United States and entitled to protection from Officers and Soldiers of this command.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Corcoran  
Robert Heggart  
Capt. & Provost Marshall, Corcoran's Div.

---

Head Qrs. Corcoran's Division

No. 96

Fairfax C. H., Dec. 2, 1863.

Pass Mrs. Charles Sutton with team to Alexandria or Washington. Business—Family supplies . . . . Expires December 31st, 1863.

I certify to Mrs. Sutton's loyalty being first class and entitled to all privileges.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Corcoran  
Robert Heggart.

Approved on her return to include two trunks and a cooking stove, and furniture.

Countersigned by  
E. C. Willard at Corcoran's Div. Head Qrs.  
Dec. 9, 1893. Washington, D.C.

Provost Marshall's Office  
Fort Albany, Va.  
Defences south of Potomac.  
Mar. 15th, 1864.

Permission is granted Mrs. Phebe Sutton to take to near  
Flint Hill, Va.

|                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 bbl. Apples          | 3 books               |
| ½ bbl. fish            | 1 comb                |
| 2 Hams                 | 1 lb. hops            |
| 20 lbs. fresh meat     | ½ lb. tea             |
| 5 gall. molasses       | 2 dishes              |
| 20 lbs. lard           | ½ bu. dried apples    |
| 20 lbs. sugar          | 2 lbs. allspice       |
| 5 bask. shorts         | ½ lb. cloves          |
| 1 bu. meal             | 4 lbs. coffee         |
| 1 box raisins          | 1 bu. turnips         |
| ½ lb. cinnamon         | 1 pr. rubbers         |
| 1 broom                | ½ doz. knives & forks |
| 6 package garden seeds | 1 bottle camphor      |
| 1 piece muslin         | ¼ lb. tidy cotton     |
| 1 stove boiler         | Horse medicine        |
| 4 hanks cotton         | 2 pot covers          |

C. H. Shephard  
Lieut. & Prov. Mar.

Approved By command of

Maj. Gen. Augur

J. A. Slipper

Capt. of A. . G.

Expires this day.

After father's return home he subscribed to the following oath, printed on back of passes:

"In availing myself of the benefits of this Pass, I do solemnly swear that I will forever support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same any ordinance, resolution or law of any State convention or legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will not give aid, comfort or information to its enemies; and further that I do this with full determination pledge and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever; and that I will not abuse the pass or the privilege hereby granted. So help me God" . . .

Charles Sutton

Head Quarters 12 N. Y. Cav.  
Near Falls Church, Va., Nov. 6, 1864.

Guards

Will pass Charles Sutton (citizen) with wagon, in and out  
of Camp of 13 N. Y. Cav.

This pass expires the 30 inst.

John Birdsall  
Major of 13 N. Y. Cav.

(This was used when selling milk and cakes, etc.)

---

First Letter After Capture by Mosby's Men  
Castle Thunder, Va., Nov. 18, 1863.

Dear Wife,

Thine of the 30 of October was received the 14th and the  
box on 16th. I was glad to hear you were all well. I have been  
quite unwell most of the time since I have been here but I now  
feel better than when I left home I have been taking Peruvian  
bark which was recommended by a fellow prisoner.

We arrived here the next Second day after we were ar-  
rested, were well treated by Mosby's men, in whose charge we  
were until we reached Orange Ct. House.

There we left our horses and travelled in the cars the  
remainder of the way. We had 2 or 3 meals a day and good  
beds at night until we reached Orange Ct. House.

There we were placed in other hands.

My box contained one white blanket and other things as  
listed. Eatables can be sent as well as clothing. X X X

I expect to have to remain here until the Commissioners  
agree upon an exchange of prisoners, the prospect of which  
thee will learn as soon as I. I will leave it to thy judgment about  
sending me another box.

I am in the citizens room which is the best room of the  
building. Three of the N. Y. Herald correspondents and two  
of those on the Tribune are in our room. Also Lewis Millard  
Brambly, Sneeden and Wilbert. Nelson Speer is on floor above  
us. X X X with love to all, I remain.

Thy affectionate husband,  
Charles Sutton.